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## CHEERFULNESS.

AN Italian monk, having been once asked how it happened that he at all times, in the cold of winter as well as in the heat of summer, looked so cheerful, while most of his brethren of the same monastery appeared addicted to a temperament quite the reverse, answered, that whenever he found himself at all disposed to be gloomy, he looked out of his little window towards the sky, or upon the earth, and his heart was at once filled with emotions of the most unqualified happiness. If it were morning, he beheld the sun, round which myriads of nations—not only those dwelling upon our planet, but those placed also upon the other spheres belonging to our system,—were moving in the enjoyment of the one great central source of light. Nor were they the nations of men merely in whose felicity he rejoiced. He felt that there was not a bird in the air, nor a gnat in the sunbeams,—not a quadruped in the forest, nor a lily in the field, nor a fish in the deep,—that did not more or less exult in the return of the day. Why should he not share in their joy?

If it were night, and sadness knocked at the door of his solitary cell, again he looked to the heavens, and in vain attempted to count the new suns and worlds through which he was journeying with the planet upon which it was his destiny to be fixed for a while. He thought of the hosts of intelligent creatures for whose benefit those glorious lights were created. He felt that, however humble he was, however limited the sphere of his duties, he was one of those to whom the care of the Great Parent of all extended. His bosom swelled with the hymn of praise which those multitudinous legions were raising towards the fountain of life and light. His feelings bounded beyond the thresholds of time; his soul passed for the moment into those regions of space where years, or days, or hours were unknown; his mind overflowed with love,—that absorbing, seraphic, ever increasing love, which no temporal object can ever excite. He then turned to the traveller who had interrogated him, and said, "You may think me a visionary, perhaps; but, after all, I would not give these my dreams—if dreams they be—for all the realities of that which is usually called life. These are the sources of my cheerfulness. They help me in the performance of my various duties. They enable me to look upon the necessary evils of human existence as so many trifling occurrences not worthy of notice, at least, not worthy of a tear; and, if I feel happy in my heart, I cannot help showing it in my countenance."

The stranger acknowledged that he had never heard more wisdom accumulated in a few words than in those which had just reached his ear from the smiling lips of the Italian monk, whose cheek, though bronzed by many a summer sun, still glowed with the vigour of a healthy constitution. In truth, the cultivation of cheerfulness is the secret of health of the highest and the most uniform order. It is, moreover, in itself a virtue well entitled to a place amongst those which are called the cardinal. It fits the mind for study, for conflict, for command or obedience; it enables the body to sustain fatigue; and the person in whose bosom it usually resides has more power to make those around him happy,

than the king whose forehead frowns beneath the weight of the most splendid crown.

I have a pet phrase, which I use so often that my friends turn it into a subject of ridicule. An event happens, (not a very pleasant one, perhaps,) and, though it concerns my own welfare, I am very little disposed to grieve about it. My wife wonders at my imperturbability, and asks why I do not lament it? I ask in my turn, "*cui bono?*" This is my great resource, my talismanic temple of refuge. Can grief mend the matter? Can dull, down-cast looks,—can a failing heart,—can an impatient temper, fit me for bearing up against a misfortune which has really occurred? If it has occurred, it is already passing away. If it only be approaching, who knows but it may by other events be turned aside altogether? and then my fears (if fears I entertain) are so much of merry existence absolutely and most unnecessarily spoiled. If the calamity has come and gone, *cui bono* to recall it, and to turn it around on all sides for the critical examination of a gloomy habit of mind? My *cui bono* may be laughed at, but nevertheless there is more of philosophy in the phrase, and if I may presume to add of sound religion, too, than in many ponderous volumes of sermons which I could name.

"Ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

I cannot, however, claim originality for my *cui bono*. I borrowed it of an old man, who deserved to be a brother of the Italian monk already mentioned. He had, however, seen more of the world than the anchorite, and he was never unprepared to find a subject of consolation for persons in every station. "You are unmarried," he would say—"well, you are freed from the cares of children—the perplexities of household affairs—the peril of having drawn something else than a prize from the lottery of matrimony. It will cost you but a little industry to make a competency; enjoy it by sharing it with your friends. Keep a clear conscience, and all will be well with you." "You are poor—be it so, does wealth produce happiness? I know a man who possesses more money than he can ever spend, unless he chooses absolutely to throw it into the sea. He has a splendid mansion in town—a beautiful villa in the country—an elegant woman for his wife, and a numerous and lovely family. Yet he is not happy, though he boasts of having no want. But you have, I said to him, the greatest of wants—you want a *want*. This was literally the fact. He had nothing to desire, so far as temporal affairs were concerned. He had retired from business, and was without any regular occupation adequate to engage the energies of his mind. We were walking through his grounds on a fine spring morning. I stopped him to observe a company of gnats who were divided into sets of tens or twelves, and dancing in regular figures. They seemed, short as

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was the time they were doomed to live, in the enjoyment of perfect bliss. These creatures, said I, have each of them a want, they are full of a love that seeks reciprocity; and while they are in pursuit of the favourite object, what can equal their activity, their happiness? The moment that want is satisfied, they perish.

"One man," continued my aged friend, "is less prosperous in his profession than his neighbour. But look at his children, you see none more blessed with talent. They learn with such a surprising facility that it is delightful to teach them. They form for the fire-side a source of unmixed gratitude, a consolation for all the ills of life. Another had amassed great wealth for his children, but they have all gone from his side, carried away by some contagion or an hereditary disease. Well—they have gone to prepare his way to a better world—to alienate him betimes from an excessive love for this life; and it is in his power to remove the despair of the unprovided widow—to dry the tear of the orphan. The peasant, who is below the reach of care, is often the gayest of the gay for that very reason. In short, let us but act upon the impression that there is scarcely a position in life without its means of cheerfulness, and if we only take the trouble to adopt them, we shall be amply rewarded for our labour."

#### A PARAGRAPH FOR DRUNKARDS.—HOW TO FACE AN ENEMY.

HENRY PARKER, at the age of seventeen, was, by the death of his master, left alone in the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit, and went from house to house making up the farmers' leather, and mending the children's shoes. At length a good old man, pleased with Henry's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Henry applied himself to work with persevering industry and untiring ardour. Early in the morning he was whistling over his work, and his hammer was often heard till the "noon of night." He thus obtained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female, whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. Time passed smoothly on; they were blessed with the smiling pledges of their affection, and in a few years Henry was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they improved, and it soon became the abode of plenty and joy. But Henry began to relax in his conduct, and would occasionally walk down to an alehouse in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit, and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until (to the grief of all who knew him) he became a constant lounge about the alehouse and skittle-ground, and, going on from bad to worse, he became an habitual drunkard. The inevitable consequences soon followed: he got into debt, and his creditors soon took possession of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him, and she could not think of using him harshly: she loved him even in his degradation, for he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she prefer to Heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feelings. Over and over again he promised to reform, and at last was as good as his word, for he was induced to stay away from the alehouse for three days together. His anxious wife began to cherish a hope of returning happiness; but a sudden cloud one day for a moment damped her joy, "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that bottle." These words pierced her very heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle, had it filled at the alehouse, and, on returning home, placed it in the window immediately before him. "Now," said he, "I can face an enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work, always having the bottle before him, but never again touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence; his children grew up, and are now respectable members of society. Old age came upon Henry, and he always kept the bottle in the window where he had first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his bottle, and thank God that he had been able to overcome the vice of drunkenness. He never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived, and there it remained until after he had been consigned to his narrow home.—*Chest. Gaz.*

#### THE LUMBERERS OF AMERICA.

THE following interesting description of the "processes of the lumber business," as carried on in Maine, is from the *North American Review*. Maine, as our readers are aware, is the most easterly of the United States, adjoining the British province of New Brunswick—the great timber district of America. The business of procuring the timber for exportation, is called *lumbering* or logging.

"When a lumberer has concluded to log on a particular tract, the first step is to go with a part of his hands, and select suitable situations for building his camps. In making this selection, his object is to be as near as possible to the best clumps of timber he intends to haul, and to the streams into which he intends to haul it. He then proceeds to build his camps, and to cut out and clear out his principal roads. The camps are built of logs, being a kind of log houses. They are made about three feet high on one side, and eight or nine on the other, with a roof slanting one way. The roof is made of shingles, split out of green wood, and laid upon rafters. The door is made of such boards as can be manufactured out of a log with an axe. Against the tallest side of the camp is built the chimney; the back being formed by the wall of the camp, and the sides made by green logs, piled up for jams, about eight feet apart. The chimney seldom rises above the roof of the camp; though some, who are nice in their architectural notions, sometimes carry it up two or three feet higher. It is obvious, from the construction, that nothing but the greenness of the timber prevents the camp from being burnt up immediately. Yet the great fires that are kept up, make but little impression, in the course of the winter, upon the back or sides of the chimney. A case, however, happened within a year or two, where a camp took fire in the night, and was consumed, and the lumberers in it were burnt to death. Probably the shingle roof had become dry, in which case a spark would kindle it, and the flames would spread over it in a moment.

"Parallel to the lower side of the building, and about six feet from it, a stick of timber runs on the ground across the camp. The space between this and the lower wall is appropriated to the bedding; the stick of timber serving to confine it in its place. The bedding consists of a layer of hemlock boughs spread upon the ground, and covered with such old quilts and blankets as the tenants can bring away from their homes. The men camp down together, with their heads to the lower wall and their feet towards the fire. Before going to bed, they replenish their fire; some two or more of them being employed in putting on such logs, as with their handspikes they can manage to pile into the chimney. As the walls of the building are not very tight, the cool air plays freely round the head of the sleeper, making a difference of temperature between the head and the feet not altogether agreeable to one unused to sleep in camps. A rough bench and table complete the furniture of the establishment. A camp very similar, though not so large in its dimensions, is built near for the oxen. On the top of this the hay is piled up, giving it some warmth, while it is convenient for feeding.

"A large logging concern will require a number of camps, which will be distributed over the tract, so as best to accommodate the timber. One camp serves generally for one or two teams. A team, in ordinary logging parlance, expresses, not only the set of four or six oxen that draw the logs, but likewise a gang of men employed to tend them. It takes from three or four to seven or eight men, to keep one team employed; one man being employed in driving the cattle, and the others in cutting down the trees, cutting them into logs, barking them, and cutting and clearing the way to each tree. The number of hands required, depends upon the distance to be hauled inversely. That is, most hands are required when the distance is shortest; because the oxen, returning more frequently, require their loads to be prepared more expeditiously.

"Having built their camps, or while building them, the main roads are to be cut out. These run from the camps to the landing places, or some stream of sufficient size to float down the logs on the spring freshet. Other roads are cut to other clumps of timber. They are made by cutting and clearing away the underbrush, and such trees and old logs as may be in the way, to a sufficient width for the team of oxen, with the bob sled and timber on it, to pass conveniently. The bob sled is made to carry one end of the timber only, the other drags upon the ground; and the bark is chipped off, that the log may slip along more easily.

"The teams proceed to the woods when the first snows come, with the hands who are not already there, and the supplies. The

supplies consist principally of pork and flour for the men, and Indian meal for the oxen. Some beans, tea, and molasses, are added. Formerly hogheads of rum were considered indispensable, and I have before me a bill of supplies for a logging concern of three teams in 1827-28, in which I find one hundred and eighty gallons of rum charged. But of late, very few respectable lumberers take any spirits with them. And the logging business is consequently carried on with much more method, economy, and profit. The pork and flour must be of the best quality. Lumberers are seldom content to take any of an inferior sort; and even now, when flour is twelve dollars a barrel, they are not to be satisfied with the coarser bread stuffs.

"Hay is procured as near to the camps as possible. But as most of the timber lands are remote from settlements, it is generally necessary to haul it a considerable distance. And as it must be purchased of the nearest settlers, they are enabled to obtain very high prices. From twelve to twenty dollars per ton is usually paid. When the expense of hauling it to the camp is added, the whole cost is frequently as high as thirty dollars a ton, and sometimes much higher. Owners of timber lands at a distance from settlements, may make a great saving, by clearing up a piece of their land, and raising their own hay.

"Some one of the hands, who has not so much efficiency in getting timber, as skill in kneading bread and frying pork, is appointed to the office of cook. Salt pork, flour, bread, and tea, constitute the regular routine of the meals, varied sometimes with salt fish or salt beef. Potatoes are used when they can be had. Now and then, perhaps, when the snow is deep, they catch a deer, and live on venison.

"The men are employed, through the day, in cutting the timber and driving the teams. In the evening some take care of the oxen; some cut wood for the fire; then they amuse themselves with stories and singing, or in other ways, until they feel inclined to turn in upon the universal bed. On Sundays the employer claims no control over their time, beyond the taking care of the cattle, the fire, and the cooking. On this day, they do their washing and mending; some employ themselves besides, in seeking timber, and some in hunting partridges; whilst some remain in the camp and read the Bible.

"They remain in the woods from the commencement of sledging, some time in December, until some time in March; in the course of which month, their labours are usually brought to a close, either by the snow's getting too shallow or too deep. If there are heavy thaws, the snow runs off, not leaving enough to make good hauling. If, on the other hand, it gets to be four or five feet deep, the oxen cannot break through it, to make the path which it is necessary to form, in order to get at each individual tree. The men and teams then leave the woods. Sometimes one or two remain, to be at hand when the streams open. I know one, who last winter stayed by himself in the woods, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest habitation, for the space of twenty-eight days; during which time he earned 203 dollars by getting in timber with his axe alone, being allowed for it at the same rate per thousand that the lumberers were, in getting it in with their teams. He found some berths in the banks of the stream, where all that was necessary was to fell the tree so that it should fall directly upon the water, and there cut it into logs to be ready for running.

"When the streams are opened, and there is a sufficient freshet to float the timber, another gang, called 'river drivers,' take charge of it. It is their business to start it from the banks, and follow it down the river, clearing off what lodges against rocks, pursuing and bringing back the sticks that run wild among the bushes and trees, that cover the low lands adjoining the river, and breaking up jams that form in narrow and shallow places. A jam is caused by obstacles in the river catching some of the sticks, which in their turn catch others coming down, and so the mass increases until a solid dam is formed, which entirely stops up the river, and prevents the further passage of any logs. These dams are most frequently formed at the top of some fall. And it is often a service that requires much skill and boldness, and is attended with much danger, to break them up. The persons who undertake it must go on to the mass of logs, work some out with their pickpoles, cut some to pieces, attach ropes to others to be hauled out by the hands on shore, and they must be on the alert to watch the moment of the starting of the timber, and exercise all their activity to get clear of it, before they are carried off in its tumultuous rush.

"Some weeks, more or less, according to the distance, spent in this way, brings the timber to the neighbourhood of the saw mills. A short distance above Oldtown, on the Penobscot, there is a boom

established, extending across the river, for the purpose of stopping all the logs that come down. It is made by a floating chain of logs connected by iron links, and supported at suitable distances by solid piers built in the river; without this it would be impossible to stop a large part of the logs, and they would be carried on the freshet down the river, and out to sea. The boom is owned by an individual who derives a large profit from the boomage, which is thirty-five cents per thousand on all logs coming into it. The boom cost the present owner about 40,000 dollars. He has offered it for sale for 45,000 dollars. It is said the net income from it last year, was 15,000 dollars.

"Here all the logs that come down the Penobscot, are collected in one immense mass, covering many acres, where is intermingled the property of all the owners of timber lands, in all the broad region that is watered by the Penobscot and its branches, from the east line of Canada above Moosehead Lake, on the one side, to the west line of New Brunswick, on the other. Here the timber remains, till the logs can be sorted out for each owner, and rafted together to be floated to the mills or other places below. Rafting is the connecting the logs together by cordage, which is secured by pins driven into each log, forming them into bands, like the ranks of a regiment. This operation is performed by the owner of the boom. The ownership of the timber is ascertained by the marks which have been chopped into each log before it left the woods; each owner having a mark, or combination of marks, of his own. When the boom is full, only the logs lowest down can be got at, and the proprietors of other logs must wait weeks, sometimes months, before they can get them out, to their great inconvenience and damage.

"After the logs are rafted, and out of the boom, a great part of them are lodged for convenience, in a place called Pen Cove, which is a large and secure basin in the river, about two miles below the boom. From this cove they can be taken out as they are wanted for the mills below. While in the boom, and at other places on the river, they are liable to great loss from plunderers. The owners or drivers of logs will frequently smuggle all that come in their way, without regard to marks. The owners or conductors of some of the mills on the river are said to be not above encouraging and practising this species of piracy. Indeed timber, in all its stages, seems to be considered a fair object for plunderers, from the petty pilferer who steals into the woods, fells a tree, cuts it into shingles and carries it out on his back, to the comparatively rich owner of thousands of dollars.

"When the logs have been sawn at the mills, there is another rafting of the boards, which are floated down the river to Bangor, to be embarked on board the coasters for Boston. In this process they are subject to much injury, first by the mode of catching them as they come from the mill sluices, the rafters making use of a picaroon, or pole with a spike in the end of it, which is repeatedly and unmercifully driven into the boards, taking out perhaps a piece at each time; secondly, by the holes made by the pins driven into the boards in rafting; and thirdly, by the rocks and rapids and shallows in the river, breaking the rafts to pieces, and splitting up the boards as they descend. These inconveniences will be partly remedied by the railroad now in operation, unless other inconveniences in the use of it should be found to overbalance them.

"The kinds of timber brought down our rivers are pine, spruce, hemlock, ash, birch, maple, cedar, and hackmatack. Far the greater part of it is pine. The lumberers make about six kinds of pine; though they do not agree exactly in the classification, or in the use of some of the names. The most common division is into pumpkin pine, timber pine, sapling, bull sapling,\* Norway, and yellow or pitch pine. The pumpkin pine stands pre-eminent in the affections of the lumberers, because it is the largest tree, and makes fine large clear boards. They are soft and of a yellowish cast. The timber pine and saplings are the most common. The former is generally preferred, as being larger and more likely to be sound. Yet the saplings are said to make the harder and more durable boards. The common sapling grows in low lands, generally very thick, but is apt to be much of it rotten. The bull sapling is larger and sounder, grows on higher land, and mixed with hard wood. The Norway pine† is a much harder kind of timber than the others. It is seldom sawed into boards, though it makes excellent floor boards. But it is generally hewed into square timber. In the provinces it bears a

\* All the kinds here named, with the exception of the two last, are varieties of white pine.

† This pine is called also red pine, from the colour of its bark.



higher price than the others. There is not much of it brought to market, and it is not very abundant in the woods. The yellow pine is very scarce, if to be found at all in that region.

"We will conclude with some remarks upon the different modes of operating, made use of by owners of timber. These are three. One is, for the owner to hire his men by the month, procure teams, and furnish them with equipments and supplies. A second is, to agree with some one or more individuals to cut and haul the timber, or cut, haul, and run it, at a certain price per thousand feet. The third way is to sell the *stumpage* outright; that is, to sell the timber standing.

"The first mode is seldom adopted, unless the owner of the timber is likewise a lumberer, and intends to superintend the business himself. The second mode is very common. It is considered the most saving to the owners, because the lumberer has no inducement to select the best timber, and leave all that is not of the first quality; to cut down trees and take a log, and leave others to rot that are not quite so good, but which may be well worth hauling. Its inconveniences are, that as the object of the lumberer is to get as large a quantity as possible, he will take trees that are not worth as much as the cost of getting them to market, and which, besides being of little value themselves, render the whole lot less saleable by the bad appearance they give it. The owner too is subject to all the losses that may happen, in running the logs down the river. Very frequently he is obliged to make one contract to have the timber cut and hauled to the landing places, and another to have it run down; for the river drivers are a distinct class from the lumberers. Most of them are indeed lumberers, but it is but a small part of the lumberers that are river drivers. A great part of the lumberers are farmers who must be on their farms at the season of driving, and therefore cannot undertake anything but the cutting and hauling. They are paid for the number of thousand feet they deposit at the landing places; and the logs being surveyed, or sealed, as they are hauled, their object is to get as many thousand as possible on the landing places; while the river drivers may be very careless about getting them all down, and the owner may never receive nearly the quantity he has paid for cutting and hauling. In operating in this mode, the owner usually furnishes the supplies, provisions, &c.; and the lumberer procures the teams and hires the men. The owner commonly does not bind himself to pay, before the logs get to market; and he frequently makes a contract for his supplies on the same condition, in which case he has to pay from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. more for his goods, than he would dealing on cash or common credit. Sometimes, when there is no freshest, the logs do not get down until the second year; and then the trader and lumberer both suffer for want of their pay.

"The third mode is the simplest and easiest for the owner. He avoids all trouble of furnishing supplies, of watching the timber on the river, and of looking out for a market. But he must have a man of some capital to deal with, as he furnishes his own teams and supplies, and pays his men, receiving very heavy advances. The purchaser of it has no interest to cut the timber savingly, and he sometimes makes dreadful havoc among the trees, leaving a great deal of valuable stuff on the ground to rot. And if he selects only the best trees in a berth, much of the timber left standing may be lost, because no one will afterwards want to go into that berth, from which all the best trees have been culled. It is common now, in all large concerns, for the owner to employ a man to pass the winter in the camps, living alternately at one or another, for the purpose of sealing the logs, keeping a correct account of them, and seeing that the timber is cut according to the contract. But, after all, there is always found to be a considerable difference between timber cut by the thousand, and that which is cut on *stumpage*.

"Each mode has its troubles. But we think that owners at a distance will manage their concerns with least vexation by selling the *stumpage*, provided that they have honest men to deal with."

#### MECHANICS AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.\*

MR. CLAXTON is what we may term a mechanic of the *right sort*,—a self-taught man, who, having helped himself through life, wishes all his brother mechanics to do the same. He accordingly sets great value on self-instruction, and certainly we have no wish to depreciate it; for whatever may be the defects incident to the education of a self-taught man, he usually exhibits a force of cha-

acter, which enables him frequently to outstrip his competitors. Working men, too, must usually be self-taught: for, obliged as they are to commence earning a subsistence early in life, much that they acquire must be obtained in time taken from their brief moments of relaxation, when the tired body and mind naturally shrink from anything in the nature of mental exertion. This must still continue to be the case to a large extent, even though the present generation, to use Mr. Claxton's phrase, "lives in clover," as compared with the past.

Mr. Claxton tells us that he was "born in the year 1790, about a hundred miles from London, and one mile from a small market town." His father was a day-labourer; and he himself took care of a flock of sheep, and afterwards worked "in a garden for supplying the market, till I was near thirteen, when I was apprenticed. My father gave me the choice of being a carpenter or a whitesmith. I chose the latter; and have continued in that business, or kindred branches, now over thirty years. I was to serve seven years for certain weekly wages, and ten pounds were to be added at the end of the term, if I was thought to deserve it." He passed his apprenticeship creditably, picking up information as he could; and, having a strong partiality for mechanical pursuits, by trying his hand in making ingenious toys and gimcracks. When he had served out his time, his master gave him ten pounds, and inquired what he should do with himself. "Go to London, sir," answered I, for I had made up my mind. 'Well, Tim,' said he, 'keep your right hand forward, and you will do well enough;' and he gave me a hearty farewell."

"I reached this great city in April, 1810. From the circumstance of having lived in a rural district, I had then never seen so much as a steam-engine, or heard a lecture on anything, or read a book connected with the arts and sciences, save what I have mentioned, and a poor Geography borrowed for a short time. The reader will bear these things in mind. He must make allowances for the generation of mechanics of that day, which are not to be taken for those of this. A man, or a boy, then, might possibly talk with some plausibility of the lack of opportunities. Nothing had then been done to cheapen, and circulate, and simplify useful knowledge for the mass of the people. There were no Mechanics' Institutions—no popular libraries or reading rooms—no lectures which we operatives could get at, or understand if we did."

"I was," continues Mr. Claxton, "just twenty-five years of age, when I saw for the first time a course of lectures announced. It was on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. The talk about pneumatics, hydrodynamics, &c., was of course all Greek to me; but looking farther down, I found notices of experiments to be made on engines, and so on, and so I bought a ticket, and attended the first lecture. This pleased me so much that I took notes, and also drew sketches of the apparatus. Going home, I sat up very late to write out all I could remember of the lecture; and here my juvenile practice helped me again, even the tiresome copying I used to do for my father. So I went on, from October 1815 till the next April. Then I got a book on Natural Philosophy, and followed the subject up, for there's nothing, I found, like '*striking while the iron is hot*.' Then I made various articles to try experiments with, which my mechanical practice rendered easy work. I went to a second course, and then to others given by other persons. Finally, I applied for admission to a Philosophical Society; but, alas! one wanted friends at court in those days. Never discouraged, however, what should I do in such a case? Let any mechanic of this generation imagine himself living twenty years ago, and consider. 'Why,' thought I, 'I am a mechanic, and though that is the very reason why I wish to be admitted, and why I should be, it is the very reason also, why I am not.' It is clear, then, the mechanics must look to themselves, and to each other. Well, a number of us having talked it over, I wrote a circular, dated June 24th, 1817, (it was well I could write one,) got it printed, and sent it round town." This was six years before the London Mechanics' Institution was ormed.

The result was, that a small society was formed, called the Mechanical Institution, which existed about three years, from 1817 to 1820. Mr. Claxton acted as secretary. In the last-mentioned year he went to St. Petersburg, being employed to erect gas-works in a large building, used for the transaction of the military business of the Russian government. Here he remained three years. In 1823 he left Russia for Boston, United States, and engaged to work in a machine-shop at a cotton factory, situated something less than thirty miles from Boston, where he was engaged till 1826, and took a leading part in a society for reading and mutual instruction, which was in existence before he arrived. On his

\* Hints to Mechanics, on Self-Education and Mutual Instruction. By TIMOTHY CLAXTON. London: Taylor and Walton, 1830.

return to Boston, he joined in promoting the formation of the Boston Mechanics' Institution.

Mr. Claxton's object in telling his story, is to give, from his own personal experience, a practical illustration of the utility of knowledge to a working man; and thus to lend force to his exhortations. "The great majority of my fellow-craftsmen," he says, "have had at least a sufficient inkling of information and self-culture to begin to relish their sweets and realise their good." He wishes them to go on. "The mechanics," he adds, "have found out that they are ignoramuses; and that while there is no reason on earth why they should continue to be so, there is every reason why they should not: and this is a great point gained—it is half the victory. Hence, among other things, the improved character and amazing cheapness of popular books. Hence the magazines, and papers, and reading rooms, and people's libraries, and societies of useful knowledge, and similar institutions. The people have waked up, and there is a demand, an outcry, a market for these things."

Mr. Claxton is much interested in Mechanics' Institutions. He gives a sketch of their origin; and has been at pains to collect information for a tabular list of institutions throughout the country. He thinks, however, that there is room for improvement, not merely in the numbers of these institutions, but in their practical working and character. His table gives the names of twenty such associations in London, and nearly sixty in the provinces, besides the names of forty-eight towns where similar societies exist, but respecting which he had not obtained particular information.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE FOLLOWING TABLE.

Col. 1.—This mark (°) denotes the possession of a separate hall or building. Information of a date prior to 1838 is denoted thus—(1836).

.. 2.—Date when established.

.. 3.—Number of Members of All Classes.

.. 4.—Annual Subscription of Ordinary Members. In many cases the payments are made Quarterly. Females, Minors, and Students, generally pay less, and Proprietors and Honorary Members in some cases pay more than Ordinary Members.

.. 5.—Number of Vols. in the Library. Ex. L.—Extensive Library.

.. 6.—Lecture Evenings. M. Tu. W. Th. F. &c. stand for Week-days; Occa. for Occasionally; and Al. M. for Alternate Mondays, &c. The Lectures commence in London at Eight or Half-past Eight o'Clock; and in the Country from Half-past Seven to Eight.

London and Vicinity.	Estab.	Mem.	Sub.	Vols.	Lectures.
°London Institution, <i>Finsbury-circus</i> (The members are all Shareholders.)	1807	960	30 0	40000	Twice a Week.
°London Mechanics' Institution, ....	1823	1100	24 0	7000	W. & F.
29, <i>Southampton-build, Chancery-la.</i>					
°Aldersgate-street Institution .....	1825	1000	42 0	7000	Wed.
°Western Lit. and Sci. Institution, ....	1825	500	42 0	7000	Thurs.
47, <i>Leicester-square.</i>					
°Eastern Lit. and Sci. Institution, ..	1825	250	21 0	1700	Tues.
88, <i>Hackney-road.</i>					
°Marylebone Lit. and Sci. Institution, 17, <i>Edward-street, Portman-square.</i>	1832	550	42 0	4500	Mon.
°Islington Lit. and Sci. Society .....	1833	430	42 0	3300	Thurs.
Rahere-st. Mutual Instruction Soc. ....	1834	40	6 0	200	Wed.
Lion-street Mutual Instruction Soc. ....	1835	12	4 0	40	Thurs.
<i>Lion-st. Chap. New Kent-rd. Southw.</i>					
Milton Institution, .....	1836	150	20 0	600	Mon.
<i>Milton-street, City.</i>					
Botanical Society of London, .....	1836	100	21 0	200	1st & 3rd Friday.
75, <i>Newman-street, Oxford-street.</i>					
Tower-street Mutual Instruction Soc. ....	1836	60	4 0	800	Mon.
16, <i>Great Tower-street, City.</i>					
°Westminster Lit. Sci. and Mec. Inst. 6 & 7, <i>Gl. Smith-st. Westminster.</i>	1837	395	24 0	3000	Thurs.
St. Pancras Lit. and Sci. Institution, <i>Colosseum House, New-road.</i>	1837	90	20 0	300	Tues.
Poplar Institution, .....	1837	102	20 0	....	Tues.
<i>East-India-road.</i>					
Society for promoting Practical Design <i>Saville House, 6, Leicester-square.</i>	1837	200	21 0	....	Tues.
Young Men's Rel. & Intel. Improv. Soc. <i>Hinde-st. Chapel, Manchester-sq.</i>	1838	38	1 0	None	Tues.
South London Mutual Instruction Soc. <i>74, Blackman-street, Borough.</i>	1838	30	8 0	70	Mon.
Pestalozzian Association, .....	1838	30	6 0	200	Mon.
<i>Worship-square.</i>					
Maze-Pond Mutual Instruction Soc. <i>Maze-pond Chapel, Southwark.</i>	1838	5	4 0	None	Al. W.

Provincial Institutions.	Estab.	Mem.	Sub.	Vols.	Lectures.
Barnaley Mechanics' Institution .....	1837	152	29 0	....	Occa.
Bath Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	350	10 0	1900	Occa.
Birmingham Mechanics' Inst. (1836) ..	1825	300	....	1000	Occa.
Bolton-le-Moors Mec. Inst. (1836) .....	1825	294	....	1500	....
Bradford Mechanics' Institution .....	1832	541	10 0	2506	Occa.
Brentford Mechanics' Institution .....	1835	256	8 0	627	Fortnight
Bungay Lyceum .....	1836	....	4 0	100	Occa.
Bury St. Edmund's Mechanics' Inst. ....	1824	110	10 6	830	Occa.
Colchester Mechanics' Institution .....	1833	142	8 0	600	Fortnight
°Coventry Mechanics' Inst. (1836) .....	....	300	10 0	3000	Weekly
Deptford Mec. Inst. (Revived 1830) .....	1825	60	16 0	160	Tuesd.
°Derby Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	500	10 0	2200	Occa.
Devonport Mechanics' Inst. (1837) .....	1825	130	....	3000	Weekly
Dewsbury Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	20	....	146	Occa.
Edinburgh School of Arts (1836) .....	1821	451	12 0	Ex. L.	....
Gateshead Mechanics' Institution .....	1836	250	10 0	1200	Occa.
°Glasgow Mec. Class, Anderson's Inst. ....	1800	250	10 0	2072	Tw. aWk.
°Glasgow Mechanics' Institution .....	1823	800	21 0	4000	M. T. W. Th. & F.
Greenwich Soc. for Useful Knowledge .....	1837	170	10 0	400	Tu.—Th.
Halifax Mechanics' Institution .....	....	417	8 0	....	Occa.
Hammersmith Lit. Sci. & Mec. Inst. ....	1837	250	10 0	500	Frid.
°Huddersfield Philosophical Society .....	....	310	10 0	1200	Weekly
°Hull Mechanics' Institution (1837) .....	1825	500	8 0	1700	Weekly
°Ipswich Mechanics' Inst. (1837) .....	1825	330	....	5000	Alt. Mon.
°Keighley Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	119	6 8	896	Occa.
Leeds Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	260	10 0	1270	Occa.
Lewes Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	189	....	1450	Occa.
°Liverpool Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	2286	21 0	Ex. L.	W. & S.
Lynn Mec. Lit. and Sci. Institution .....	1827	170	12 0	Ex. L.	Occa.
°Manchester Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	1392	20 0	4400	M. & F.
°Manchester Athenæum .....	1836	1159	30 0	3134	Weekly
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mec. Inst. (1837) ..	1824	791	12 0	Ex. L.	Weekly
Norwich Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	146	10 0	1400	Alt. Tu.
Otley Mechanics' Institution .....	....	80	5 0	....	Occa.
Peterborough Mechanics' Institution .....	1831	110	8 0	570	Occa.
°Plymouth Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	150	13 0	1000	Wedn.
— Trevelick-st. Mut. Ins. Soc. ....	1833	6	6 0	....	Weekly
Portsmouth Mechanics' Institution .....	1825	70	6 0	400	Weekly
°Potteries (Staff.) Mec. Inst. (1836) .....	1826	260	10 0	1000	Fortnight
Pudsey Mechanics' Institution .....	....	61	6 0	371	Occa.
Ripon Mechanics' Institution .....	1831	50	10 0	300	Occa.
Sheffield Mechanics' Library (1836) .....	1824	671	6 0	4215	....
Sheffield Mechanics' Institution .....	1832	352	8 0	2506	Occa.
Sherborne Institution .....	1835	100	6 0	400	Occa.
°Southampton Mechanics' Institution .....	1830	328	8 0	960	Wedn.
Stirling School of Arts (1836) .....	1826	281	4 0	1000	Occa.
Sudbury Mechanics' Institution .....	1834	72	8 0	508	Occa.
Tiverton Reading Society .....	1838	26	10 0	....	....
Todmorden Mechanics' Institution .....	....	129	12 0	360	Occa.
°Winchester Mechanics' Institution .....	1835	122	13 0	435	Occa.
Windsor Mechanics' Institution .....	1835	174	8 8	300	Fortnight
Woodbridge Lit. and Mec. Institution .....	1836	200	10 0	2000	Fortnight
Woolwich Institution .....	1838	200	12 0	300	Alt. Mon.
Yeadon Mechanics' Institution .....	....	42	6 0	....	Occa.
°York Inst. of Pop. Sci. and Lit. ....	1827	302	10 0	1419	Tuesd.

"The particulars given with the list of institutions have been nearly all made up from recent official returns furnished for the purpose. Lectures are delivered in the winter season only, except in a few instances in London and other large towns. The classes, however, in many cases pursue their studies the whole year; and their numbers vary, in different institutions, from one or two classes to a dozen or more, as is the case with the London Mechanics' Institution. It is becoming now a prevailing opinion that the efficiency of the whole system depends very much upon these classes, or evening schools, as they are sometimes called. In fact, the "Union of Mechanics' Institutions" in the West Riding of Yorkshire, acting upon this principle, are devising means for employing suitable persons to reside among them for the purpose of instructing the classes, and also suitable lecturers for the institutions. "The Central Committee" is located at Leeds, of which Mr. Thomas Plint, of that town, is the secretary.

"Some persons may ridicule the insertion of so small an institution as the Plymouth Treville-street Society, because they know not the spirit of this little band, and the good which this, as well as many other small societies, are doing.

"There are many institutions for popular improvement, of various grades, in the principal towns, besides those named in the table, and others in various parts of the country, of which our information is only sufficient to give the localities of a small number."

## A TRIP FROM NICE TO GENOA.

THE town of Nice is situated just within the boundary of the kingdom of Sardinia. We arrived there late one night, and the next day proving beautifully fair, induced a young French gentleman, with whom we were travelling, to hire a felucca, or little boat, to take us to Genoa, we being a party of five. The boat was soon procured, and, the wind being extremely favourable, we set sail.

The first day saw us to San Remo; and, I think, I never enjoyed any scenery so much as I did that which we this day witnessed. The first town we passed after leaving Nice was Villa Franca, where the small harbour is defended on the one side by a long tongue of land, and a jetty on the other. The next place of any importance was Monaco, the coast of the bay between which place and Mentone is very rocky and picturesque; the sea is beautifully blue and very clear; and the bright shore, smiling in the sunshine of an Italian sky, had an enchanting effect. We passed under the walls of Vintimiglia, with its curious bridge and battlements, most truly Italian; the white fortifications and towers forming a striking contrast with the black mountain on the opposite side of the river. The little village of Ego, adorned with luxuriant palm-trees, next presented itself to view. These were perfect novelties both to the young Frenchman and to me; for we neither of us had imagined that this kind of tree could grow in the open ground in Europe. The Florentines, too, who were with us, were astonished, not indeed at the palm-trees, but at us: they wondered where we could have been brought up. One of the young ladies remarked, that we should see hundreds at Florence and Rome; but this is not the case,—a few poor solitary things, which truly look as though they were not natives of the soil, may indeed be met with.

As I have before mentioned, St. Remo received us for the night, where the inn was indeed most wretched. The young Florentines, who had been complaining all day, now grumbled worse than ever. The best room in the house, poor as it was, was assigned to them. The night was cold, and the wind, which had been fresh all day, now blew in gusts, as if a storm were approaching. We sat down to a miserable supper, by the light of a very indifferent lamp, which was mounted on a brass stand, and furnished with roker, snuffers, extingisher, and tweezers, but which, with all our ingenuity, we could hardly get to burn. The Florentines now began to tell their beads; but their devotions were sadly broken in upon by exclamations of "We shall have a most violent storm!" and "How shall we proceed to-morrow?" The young Frenchman soon answered this question, by saying "We'll see when to-morrow comes." The theatre formed the next theme on which to converse, and a grand festa which was then near at hand; and the two poor ladies were sorely afraid they would not reach Genoa time enough to see it.

The following morning proved fair, but the wind was still howling; and the question was, were we to remain at San Remo, procure a carriage, or proceed in our boat? The boat was at length decided upon, and, about two hours after daybreak, we set sail with a rough sea and a high wind. We soon reached San Steffano, which is an extremely picturesque little town, with its elegant church and painted tower. The bold and commanding town of Porto Maurizio next presented itself; after passing which we reached Oneglia. The storm had much increased, and the rain fell thick and fast, inasmuch that it was deemed wisest and best to make for shore. We landed at Oneglia; and I need hardly state how glad I was to find myself once more on terra firma. Not so the Florentines: they persisted in proceeding; and the poor French gentleman, who really wished to do the best for all parties, finding that he could not, by force of any argument, prevail, was obliged to leave them;—so, leaping ashore, he proceeded to join me, and I was not sorry to find that he had parted company with his troublesome and complaining companions.

We soon reached an inn; from the upper windows of which we

obtained a view over the sea, tossed and agitated by the roaring tempest; the sky was dark and overcast, and the wind boisterous in the extreme. My friend pulled a small telescope from his pocket, by the aid of which we were able to discern the boat, now riding on the top of a wave, and now lost to our eyes till the next wave brought it once more to view. "Why did not the sailors refuse to proceed?" said I, while my friend was gazing on the weather-beaten and unfortunate vessel. "They did at first," he replied; "but, just as you were landing, the elder ladies presented one of the fellows with a purse containing a few pieces of gold, saying, 'We shall certainly reach Genoa to-night or early to-morrow morning, in time for the festa, with this fair wind; and there's something for your honest exertions; so make for sea as soon as this cowardly Frenchman is ashore.'" "What a couple of simpletons!" thought I. But our conversation was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of mine host, who inquired whether we intended staying here all night, and what we should choose for dinner? This last inquiry was soon answered, and a very good meal laid before us, to cheer us after our rough morning's sail. Dinner being over, my friend sallied out to see if he could meet with a return vetturino, to take us to Genoa, or if there were any persons similarly situated as ourselves. The landlord informed us that, as the scenery between this town and that of Albenga was exceedingly beautiful, persons travelling by vetturino for pleasure generally contrived to sleep at Oneglia, so that they might enjoy the scenery under the influence of a bright morning sun. The afternoon was spent in settling with a vetturino; and in the evening we enjoyed a most delightful walk, passing through a fragrant orange-grove, on our way to the sea-shore. The silver moon was brightly shining on the dark waters; the sky, after the storm, being exceedingly clear and intensely blue; the tops of the snowy mountains, just discoverable in the soft moonlight, completed this lovely landscape.

The next day's journey was a long, though anything but a tedious one; the weather was beautifully fine, and the scenery of the Bay of Genoa, which we this day witnessed, is perhaps some of the finest and most magnificent that is to be met with in bella Italia. We left Oneglia early, even before sunrise; but, since the first few miles of the road traverses a country which has nothing very remarkably beautiful, the want of light was not felt. Soon after daybreak, however, we arrived at the Capo delle Mellè; and, having turned the promontory, one of the most charming views that I ever beheld presented itself. The road winds down a hill, on which grew some most luxuriant olive-trees; and their blueish foliage well contrasted with that of another tree, whose name I forget, the leaves of which were of a bright and lively green; the perfume from the orange-trees and the myrtles, now in blossom (and which here grow wild) scented the balmy air. On the sea-shore stood two most picturesque little towns, but which, when we entered them, we found to be dreadfully dirty: like most villages on this coast, they had an extremely foreign appearance. Off the land a little island upraised its head above the surf, crowned by the ruins of an ancient lighthouse. Ridges of cliffs stretched far out into the sea, and were lost in extreme distance; and the beauty of the whole scene, which quite baffles description, was much enhanced by the clear Italian sky and sea.

Having passed the curious old city of Albenga, the three towers of whose cathedral we descried from some distance, we reached Finali to dinner. This last-mentioned town is situated at the foot of a very steep hill, from the summit of which the town appears, as it were, directly beneath you. While the horses were resting, we paid a visit to the cathedral, which is an exceedingly beautiful edifice, rich in precious marbles and frescoes; and we both of us thought the hour well spent. Dinner occupied half an hour more, after which we started for Savona.

We had not long left Finali before we arrived at a turn in the road, which brought us directly under some magnificent cliffs, rising abruptly from out of the bosom of the ocean to the height of many hundred feet. We soon began to ascend, and in a short time passed under a tunnel, when the vetturino pointed out to us that part of the coast on which stands proud Genoa. Leaving the cliffs behind us, another beautiful little bay presented itself to



view, with the picturesque villages of Nori and Vado, and their ruined battlements on the heights. The scene which we now witnessed was very similar to that which had so pleased us in the morning; but the bay is more contracted, the trees fewer; the sun, too, was nearly set: the battered and time-worn fortifications, nevertheless, added an interest to the landscape. It grew dark ere we reached Savona, imbedded in its mulberry-groves; so that, on arriving, we had time for little else but to get our suppers and go to bed. The rooms at our inn were clean and comfortable, which for Italy is rather extraordinary; and the cast-iron bedsteads, with their snow-white curtains, displayed the taste of the host or hostess, who seemed a very agreeable, pleasant couple. The next day saw us at Genoa; and, the evening proving very fine, my friend proposed that we should go to the theatre, where we saw some very good acting.

We stayed at Genoa two days, during which time we were able to visit many of the churches and palaces of the nobility; but it is not my intention to give a list or catalogue of all the different paintings, &c. in the various picture-galleries and rooms of every one or any of the palaces;—my description must be very brief, and rather general than particular. There are, nevertheless, four things in Genoa which I must not altogether pass over in silence;—the first of these is a *Portia*, by Guido, in the Durazzo palace, which has a great deal of soul and feeling in it, and is extremely beautiful: she is represented about to swallow the hot coals. The next and only other painting I shall mention is the altar-piece in the church of St. Stephen, depicting the martyrdom of that saint, which is the work of two artists; the upper part from the pencil of Raffaele, and the lower part, executed by Giulio Romano, does not disgrace the work of his great predecessor. The third thing I shall mention is the hall of the Palazzo Ciro, which is one of the most gorgeous spectacles I have ever witnessed; being completely covered with gilding, lapis lazuli, marble, costly looking glasses, &c., with a fresco on the ceiling, the place is more like a fairy palace or a work of magic, than a habitation for man. The last wonder is perhaps the most astonishing of anything that I have described,—viz. the Emerald Vase in the cathedral; to see which alone it is worth coming to Genoa. This is not shown without an order, which our guide procured for us. Its size and dimensions will best speak its praise: it is made of one solid piece of emerald, is of an hexagonal form, and measures from corner to corner fifteen inches, and is four deep. There is one detractor, and that is a great one; it is sorely broken. Napoleon took it to Paris, and it returned not as it went.—But I have left myself little or no room to describe the town.

Genoa at first sight would seem a city of kings; but this impression soon wears away, particularly after you have traversed its many narrow and dirty streets, which are infinitely more plentiful than broad ones. The *Strade Nuova*, *Nuovissima*, and *Balbi*, are certainly magnificent streets, and reminded me not a little of High-street, Oxford; though I hardly think the Genoese palaces can be compared to the English colleges; the architecture being inferior, though the buildings are more massive and substantial,—many of them, indeed, much more resemble prisons than noblemen's mansions. Those most worthy of attention are the Durazzo palace, which contains perhaps some of the most interesting paintings; and the Brignole palace, which has the largest collection. I might also mention the *Vicini*, the *Spinola*, and the *Queen's*; the last of which is remarkable for the tastefulness of the furniture. The *Palazzo Reale* we did not see, as the King was then at Genoa. The great hall at the Hotel de Ville is a noble room, and several of the churches are well worth a visit; among the number I would just name the Chiesa di S. Annunziata (which is rich in costly marbles), and the cathedral.

Yet, though the principal streets and edifices are very magnificent, Genoa has many drawbacks, and the town, take it as a whole, must, notwithstanding all its grandeur, be called a dirty place. Its harbour is the admiration of all visitors, and may fairly be considered the first in Italy: the port of Naples does not nearly come up to it; Ancona is, I should think, the second. The view from the lighthouse is very extensive; and the traveller may obtain a very good notion of the manner in which the town is built from the sea.

Genoa in former days triumphed over most of the cities of Italy; as proof whereof, the chains of Pisa may be seen hanging, dangling down, as trophies over one of the gates. In the afternoon of the second day, we went to the Dorian palace, where we noticed a statue of Andrea Doria, who, be it remembered, was the most renowned hero of Genoa.

## PARAGUAY AND THE DICTATOR FRANCA.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

We concluded our former notice on this subject with an account of Mr. J. P. Robertson's first interview with Francia; and it is our purpose now to give a brief sketch of the progress of that extraordinary man.

It will be recollected that Francia had retired in disgust from the junta in whom the government was vested, and had occupied himself, whilst in apparent seclusion, in secretly fomenting discontents with the government and distrust in its members, who in fact were none of them at all fitted for the responsible offices they filled. The secret of Francia's success seems to be, that he really was the only man in the country possessed of sufficient energy and steadiness of character to control a people for the first time, since they had been a fixed society, possessed of liberty: the secret of the violent line of conduct he has pursued appears to be the absurd estimate he had made of the requisites of a supreme governor. He had heard of the brief, decisive, and peremptory manner in which Napoleon was wont to give his orders, and in this, he conceived, lay the great secret of command; forgetting that the extended information and clear judgment which dictated the commands of that surprising man were not possessed by himself; but the obstinacy, or it may be firmness, of his disposition, and the pride which was natural to him and increased daily by the indulgence of his ambition, prevented him from ever changing his course, though he knew himself to be in the wrong. There is no reason to doubt the soundness of the views which led him to consider it impossible that Paraguay could be governed in peace, save by one man possessed of supreme power. The people were not as a body possessed of either knowledge or national virtue sufficient to enable them to govern themselves; the example of the other Spanish colonies, Peru in particular, where the inhabitants have for years been cutting each other's throats, and lately threatened a general massacre of all foreigners, prove that Francia was so far right. But the course he has pursued shows that this apology for his arbitrary conduct, made whilst his authority was yet unsettled, was but a specious pretence, and that he who professed so great a regard for his country cared only for the gratification of an insane passion, the possession of unbounded power: this he obtained, and seemed to delight in assuring himself of the fact by wantonly exerting it in the most cruel manner, and then exultingly looked round to see who would question the will of the great dictator. What a melancholy spectacle of human nature! Ambition has generally been characterised by some noble traits; the men most celebrated for the indulgence of this passion have sought to be admired as well as dreaded, and, when they have acted meanly, have had the grace to be ashamed of it. But what has been the ambition of Francia? What fame, but that of a cold-blooded and intensely selfish man, has he obtained abroad? what, except terror and deadly hate, has he excited at home? No one ennobling act has brightened the dark course of his murderous path.

When Francia at length emerged from his retirement, he found himself enabled to dictate to his colleagues, who were distrusted, whilst he himself was looked upon as the only man who could calm the dissensions of the state. His abilities were confessedly of a superior rank, and his strict integrity caused great reliance to be placed on him. It may cause some surprise to hear that the man who could act so iniquitous a part in the indulgence of his ambition could ever have been remarkable for integrity; but such is the fact, and he distinguished himself in his profession by such an exercise of this noble quality as would have done honour to a Roman.

The junta was speedily dissolved, and the government was then lodged in two consuls, Francia being one. His colleague was quite unable to cope with him, and Francia in effect possessed all the power; but this did not satisfy him, he was determined to rule alone. Having reason to apprehend some opposition in Assumption, especially from the old Spaniards, he contrived a scheme which completely answered his expectation. Pretending a desire to ascertain the sense of the whole people in the simplest manner, he summoned a congress of a thousand members. In such an assembly discussion was impossible. One half at least of the members could not understand a word of the proceedings; for they spoke nothing but Guarani, the language of the Indians. In such a tumult, Francia found it easy to overcome his adversaries: he was elected dictator for three years, and his first act was to dissolve the congress. This was in 1814.

Francia, who had assiduously attended to the raising, equipping,

and maintaining a standing body of troops, during his consulship, made it his first object, when he became dictator, to establish this main instrument of his power. He himself attended to the minutest details, even to the fit of each individual uniform and the due repair of each musket. His soldiers were his sole dependence.

He took all his measures gradually, and many were deceived by his conduct, which at first appeared actuated only by the caution and firmness necessary to establish the infant state. He introduced various improvements, and, though all his actions were performed in the most arbitrary manner, yet that might have been borne, since public good was the result. For instance, he determined on paving the city; he sent orders to private quarries for the stone necessary, which was worked by the country people, pressed into the service by his orders; and the inhabitants of the houses in the city were compelled each to pave the portion of the street before his own door, at his own expense. Thus he accomplished his purpose without expending a farthing of the national treasure; and this he called good economy.

The society of Paraguay had heretofore been divided into three parts, distinguished by birth. The old Spaniards, born in Spain, had always enjoyed greater liberty, and in general had possessed more wealth, than any others; they occupied all, or almost all, public offices; they were the acknowledged aristocracy of the state. Their children, of pure Spanish blood, held a second rank, and were seldom permitted to hold office. The third rank, the offspring of whites and natives, including all who were tinged with native blood, were held inferior, under the old Spanish regime. Francia himself was of the latter class: his father was, according to his own account, a Frenchman, according to others, a Portuguese; his mother, a Creole.

In the contemplation of the plan which he had from the first proposed to himself, Francia, influenced probably by national feeling, desired to get rid of "the old Spaniards," as being the class whose fidelity to the new government was most to be doubted; yet these men possessed the greatest wealth of any in the land, and the commerce, restricted as it had been, was chiefly in their hands. He feared them and their influence; and to this may be attributed his ultimate measure of closing up the country, and destroying its commerce totally, forcing the inhabitants to rely solely on themselves for their supplies.

Under various pretences, and often under no pretence at all, he began to restrict the liberty of commerce by continually closing the port, and suffering neither native nor foreigner to enter or depart. It would frequently happen that he suddenly declared the port to be open, merchants hastened to load their vessels, but before they could take their departure, the port would be closed again; the vessels had to be unloaded, and the goods rotted in the warehouses. The natural consequence was, that commerce was gradually destroyed; and as a finishing stroke Francia at length shut himself and his country up entirely by prohibiting all intercourse whatever, except on very rare occurrences when he himself needed foreign supplies.

He probably thought that by these means he should drive out the old Spaniards, but although sinking into ruin they still held by their ancient homes, and did not dare even to murmur. Discontents were not confined to them alone, for all classes suffered equally; Francia knew well that he was driving them to resistance, but he took measures to prevent it. He established so complete a system of espionage throughout the whole society, that no one dared to whisper the dictator's name even in the solitude of his own chamber. If he conceived the slightest suspicion of any unfortunate, the victim was hurried off, and without form of trial loaded with irons and immured in the public prison, or, what was worse, to the state dungeons, where numbers of the best men of the country miserably perished. "The public prison was a large building one hundred feet square, destined to receive inmates of every class save and except political delinquents. The court attached to the prison had an area of about twelve thousand feet; and in each dingy, suffocating apartment, there were crowded together from thirty to forty human beings. There was not room in these apartments to accommodate, outstretched upon the floor, so many wretched inmates; and those who could not find room to rest there, were suspended in small hammocks, hung one over another." "The state dungeons are small, damp, vaulted dungeons, of such contracted dimensions, that to maintain an upright posture in them is impossible, except under the centre of the arch. Here it is, that loaded with irons, with a sentinel continually in view, bereft of every comfort, left without the means of ablution, and under a positive prohibition to shave, pare their nails, or cut

their hair; here, in silence, solitude, and despair, the victims of the dictator's vengeance, and often of his mere displeasure or caprice, are constrained to pass a life to which death would be a thousand times preferable. \* \* \* Entombed alive,—cut off from all human intercourse and sympathy,—he drags on a hated and loathsome existence, till, stricken to the soul by anguish, or a victim to disease, or in the convulsions of madness, he yields to Him who gave it, a soul into which the iron has so deeply entered as to make him receive, as the best of boons at the hands of his God, a release from his earthly woe. Thus died my friend and companion Gomez; thus died my friend Dr. Savala; thus died Padre Maiz; thus died the old Governor, General Velasco; and thus died his faithful butler. Thus died Machain; and thus, or on the banquillo, perished almost every kind and simple-hearted friend I ever had in Assumption." The banquillo is a low stool or form, on which, in a sitting posture, delinquents are shot. The mode in which Francia exercised this instrument of his tyranny is best illustrated by a short anecdote.

"When Francia proceeded to annihilate or debase the monastic orders," (he seized upon their revenues,) "he converted into barracks some of their monasteries. On this occasion an old Spaniard, called El Pelado, was so imprudent as to give loose to the following remark: 'The Franciscans have gone to-day; but who can tell that Francia's turn to go may not be to-morrow?' By some busy and malicious informer this short, but fatal speech, was conveyed to the ears of the dictator. He summoned El Pelado to his presence, and addressed him in these terribly emphatic words:—'As to when it may be my turn to go I am not aware; but this I know, that you shall go before me.' Next morning El Pelado was brought to the banquillo, placed not far from Francia's window; and the dictator delivered, with his own hands, to three soldiers, the three ball-cartridges with which the unfortunate man was to be shot. The aim was not effectual, and the executioners were ordered to dispatch him with their bayonets. Upon the whole of this scene of barbarity and blood, Francia looked from his window, being not distant more than thirty yards from the place of slaughter. \* \* \* Of all such executions, too, Francia was an exulting spectator; nor were the bodies which had been consigned to death in the morning, ever permitted to be removed till the evening. At frequent intervals, during the day, the dictator came to his window, and stood gazing on them as if to glut his eyes with the work of murder, and minister fiendish satisfaction to his revenge, by the view of the mangled carcasses of those whom, upon alleged enmity, he had thus made to lick the dust."

In 1814, Francia, when the three years of his dictatorship expired, procured his election as perpetual dictator, and took the title of Supremo. His tyranny became more oppressive as his power became more firmly established; and at length, notwithstanding all his precautions, a conspiracy against him was actually formed, and its execution was fixed for Good Friday, 1820. It was betrayed, and now all his fury broke out. His prisons were crowded, the banquillo was drenched with gore; he erected what he called "a chamber of truth," where by means of the old buccaners' mode of torture, a leather strap tied round the head and then twisted till the pain became insufferable, he obtained whatever evidence he pleased. Numbers were banished to a vile unhealthy establishment called Tevego, which he had long before established and used as a place of hopeless exile for the unhappy Paraguayans. In 1821, he imprisoned all the old Spaniards whom he had not been able to charge with any crime, and kept them in confinement for eighteen months, when he liberated the survivors (for many died in confinement), obliging them, however, to pay heavy ransoms from the relics of their ruined fortunes. He had now completely crushed the country; the elements for revolt were annihilated, chiefly by the destruction of the moral feelings by his system of espionage; no man could trust another: and from one of the most open-hearted, free-spirited people in the world, the Paraguayans were reduced to the rank of crouching terrified slaves. He now prohibited all intercourse whatever with Assumption, and ordered that the little traffic which he was obliged occasionally to permit, should be carried on through Corrientes, where all goods intended for Paraguay are landed, and thence transported across the Parana to Neembecu, beyond which no foreigner is permitted to pass. Several foreigners, Englishmen and others, who were in Paraguay, were detained there for several years, till at length they were liberated through the intervention of the British Consul at Buenos Ayres, Sir Woodbine Parish.

Thus has Francia lived for years—a dreaded solitary tyrant. Fearing assassination, he suffers no one to approach within a



hundred yards when he is abroad; and when he grants an interview, the visitor must approach with his hands hanging down at his sides, lest he should use concealed weapons, and must stop at the prescribed distance. He has not a single friend or confidant even among his soldiers, and he dares not even smoke the cigars prepared for him by his own sister, before he has unrolled every leaf to make sure that it is not poisoned. Such is the picture of this wretched victim of ambition. He is now an old man, at least eighty years of age, and must in the course of nature soon be called to render a fearful account.

Our readers may naturally be curious to know how Messrs. Robertson escaped the fangs of the dictator, to which we reply that they were *fortunately banished* the country in time. We had purposed in the present article to give a short detail of their progress and adventures, and also to notice the country and productions of Paraguay, but our limits forbid us; and although we wish to avoid giving our readers too much of one dish, yet so much still remains to be said, that we shall be under the necessity of again reverting to "Paraguay."

#### A LAWYER'S CLERK'S TALE.

WITH one of my schoolfellows, whose father was clerk to an eminent barrister, I paid occasional visits to the courts in Westminster Hall. I was with him, also, one day at the bar of the House of Lords during the arguing of an appeal case. We were not unfrequently, likewise, in the Old Bailey during the sessions. From thenceforward my imagination was filled with nothing but a vision of wigs and gowns. Many a time have I astounded an Old Bailey jury, badgered a witness in the Common Pleas, and even broken jokes with "my lords" the judges. I have been hand and glove with the Lord Chancellor himself, and (for my imagination exercised its ubiquitous privilege, and flew as it pleased between common law and equity,) I have leaned familiarly over the bar of the House of Lords, addressing the woollack and empty benches on some intricate case on which I had been retained with a fee of a thousand guineas.

My decision was made—my profession was chosen—I should be a lawyer. My father, a plain, hard-working man, learned the decision with a kind of contemptuous carelessness, but finding me persist, it made him somewhat uneasy. Once on a time, he said, he had done a little business with lawyers himself, and had found them a precious pack of scoundrels. He hated lawyers cordially, and he had a reason for it. The reason was this. He had fancied that he had a claim to a property which wanted an owner, and he had spent some trifle of money in trying to establish his claim. But other and much nearer claimants than he had started up, and from that time he never could forgive the lawyers. We seldom heard the story when he was sober: but when he came home tipsy (which, to do him justice, was not frequently,) we were sure to get the whole history and mystery of this property, and perhaps it was but the second edition for that evening, if he had got any auditors in the parlour of the Rose and Crown. My mother used to call him an old fool, and desire him to go to bed, which he would do very good-humouredly, but as he sank to sleep he still kept muttering about how the lawyers had cheated him of his property.

My father resisted my inclination to be a lawyer; he would far rather, he said, see me at some *honest* trade. With my mother I had more success; I told her I had a turn and a taste for the law, and she believed that I had; I affirmed that I would rise in the law, and she believed that I would. I at last caught my father's consent by a manoeuvre, which had some cunning in it and some real enthusiasm. He was harping one evening on the old string of his property, when I exclaimed that if I were but a barrister, I would drag the unlawful holders of the property through every court in the kingdom, and compel them to disgorge—perhaps if I were a barrister, father might have the property to keep him in his old age. He looked at me for a moment; then taking his pipe out of his mouth, and laying it on the table, he vowed that I *should* be a lawyer.

But *how* to become a lawyer was now the consideration. At last my mother bethought her of a very distant relation who was a clerk in an attorney's office—the result of her application to him was, that I was taken into the office, and the attorney promised that if I proved as sharp and apt as I looked *he* would take care of me.

About a year afterwards a young barrister, who had just taken possession of his chambers, and was beginning to get some busi-

ness, proposed to me that I should become his clerk. I jumped at the proposal. The attorney, however, was somewhat offended by my leaving him, and spoke disparagingly of my ability. There was no engagement, however, and the barrister had conceived a fancy for me. Therefore did I become the barrister's clerk.

Now was I happy! I had surmounted one obstacle; and if I could but accomplish the task of *eating* my way through an Inn of Court, I might become a barrister, and have, one day, a clerk and chambers to myself. My employer was well connected, (what *can* a professional man do in London without a good connexion?) and besides, he was one of those persons who in common life are known as lucky individuals. Almost everything he took in hand succeeded with him. There was a buoyancy about him, combined with almost perfect suavity of manner, and a large portion of cleverness, which carried him swimmingly. He never knew what it was to fear or doubt the possibility of his success in life, and therefore he was equally free from the hesitation of a timid nature, and the bullying forwardness of a vulgar one. The word *gentleman* sums up his character. He knew his own position, kept it, never went under it or over it, and, as a natural consequence, was able to allow to others full deference and acknowledgment, without the fear that he was thereby detracting from himself. He was, indeed, a kind-hearted, open, candid gentleman!

Business flowed in upon him. No Jew in disposition, he raised my salary as he filled my time with work—as *his* fees increased, so did mine. By the time I had shot up from the shape and thoughts of a mere youth into the look and consequence of a young man, I was in the receipt of an income of about 200*l.* yearly, and it promised to increase still more. My employer would undoubtedly rise in his profession, and I would rise with him. He might become attorney-general—he might be made a judge! My prospects were far better than that of many a briefless barrister; I scorned to desert my employer, and abandoned all thoughts of anything but being his clerk for life. "Well, Bill," said my father, one day, as I handed him some money to pay up arrears of rent—there was a tear in his glistening eye—"I was wrong, and you was right, when you wanted to be a lawyer!" My mother would sit and look at me, while gratification and pride lighted up her face—or she would smile as my sister pulled the ring off my little finger, and placed it on her own, or my younger brother examined the texture of the silver watch-guard, that, like an alderman's chain, decorated my person. I was the great man of the family, and grew great in my own estimation. A bed-room was carefully assigned me—my father brushed my boots and shoes, nor would he allow any one else to do it. One night, I took him to the gallery of the House of Commons. Though fond of a bit of political discussion, especially in his favourite parlour at the Rose and Crown, his attention was riveted, not on the speaker or his wig, or the clerks at the table with their wigs, or the mace, or the members, but on the sergeant-at-arms, and the messengers of the House. He was getting tired, he said, of hard work, and he "would just like to be one of them chaps," to sit and hear the speeches, and have nothing to do but order the folks in the strangers' gallery to sit down and be quiet. I promised to use all my influence to get him put on the list, and no doubt he would be appointed in due course!

Time wore on; my money was as plentiful, or more so, as ever; and I became, not a dissipated, but a gay, thoughtless young fellow. I ventured, now and then, into the pit at the opera, occasionally treated my sisters (my mother would never go) to a box at the play, and when "master and I" went on circuit, I drank my wine "like a gentleman." About this time, I was smitten by the charms of a pretty, affectionate girl, (she is, thank goodness, if not *as* pretty, at least as affectionate as ever she was,) and—we married! Who blames me? My employer was glad to hear of my marriage. He said that he would repose greater confidence in me than ever, that he felt he had a greater hold upon me than he had before, that, in fact, I had "given hostages to fortune." I told all this to my wife, and though she did not exactly understand what giving hostages to fortune meant, she thought it must mean something very complimentary, considered my employer a very fine gentleman, wondered he did not take a wife himself, but concluded that he had not yet met with the one that was destined for him.

I look back to the first two years of my married life as one does to a pleasant vision, which seems to float indistinctly in the memory. They were spent in one round of thoughtless happiness. We never dreamed of saving any money, as we might have done. My absences on circuit were at first a source of annoyance, but she became used to them, and they were amply made up by our

"junkettings" and "goings-on" during the "long vacation." My wife is an excellent creature; but *all* (say, if not *all*, the greater portion) of young London folks are fond of "seeing some life"—say, and many of the older folks too. So we ran to Vauxhall, and Astley's, visited the theatres, had supper parties, and sometimes a dinner party, and took excursions into the country. A couple of children was but a trifling check upon the buoyancy of our out-of-door habits. We kept, of course, a servant; and "mother" came of an evening, to take care of the young ones when we went out.

My employer suddenly sickened and died. A brain fever cut him off in the flower of his manhood—at the very time when he could exclaim, "It is well with me, and it is well with the world!" I was too much stunned to feel the sorrow I have since felt. Besides, his relations called on me to wind up his affairs. I did so; and, in a few months, the chambers where I had spent some busy and some pleasant hours, were taken possession of by another barrister and another clerk. Truly, man dies, but society lives. The death of a man in the prime of life, and in active business, is just as if one threw a stone into the ocean: it causes an agitation and a swell in the neighbourhood for a moment, and then the surface is the same as ever!

I could have got a situation immediately afterwards. But the salary offered was very small; and I had received fifty pounds from my late employer's relations, as an acknowledgment of my services. So, scorning to "shelt" myself, as I called it, I resolved to wait till something worth my acceptance presented itself. I do not know how it was, but I spent three or four busy months idling about. I waited on this person and that person; spoke of my capabilities and my wants; tried for two or three situations, and began to feel what I had never properly felt before, that the fraternity I belong to, like that of our employers, is a numerous one—their name is Legion, for they are many.

One day, in the street, I met a barrister who had been one of the personal friends of my late employer. "Oh, Turner," he said, "I wanted to see you—come with me." I went with him to the chambers of a well-known conveyancer. After being duly introduced, I was desired to wait, and the kind barrister, doubtless thinking he had effectually served me, went away. Some time afterwards, I was called into the sanctum. "Well, Mr. Turner—Turner is, I think, your name, is it not?" said he, in a voice that made me think him as musty and precise as an old title-deed. I bowed. "With whom did you say you were last, Mr. Turner?" I mentioned the name. "Ah! poor fellow, he died as he was getting into a very good business,—did he not, Mr. Turner?" I replied, of course, in the affirmative. "But you were with a conveyancer before you were with him, were you not, Mr. Turner?" I said, No—but that I was sure I would soon get into the routine of the business. "Ah! well, I am busy now, Mr. Turner, but leave me your address, and I will send for you when I want you." I pulled out my card, which the conveyancer told me to put down on the table. Next day the situation was filled up, but not by me.

I next applied for the head clerkship in an attorney's office, but the attorney wanted an *experienced* man, and I was amongst the rejected candidates. I heard one night of a vacancy in a barrister's clerkship, and was waiting at the chambers next morning before the barrister appeared himself, amongst half-a-dozen young men, who mutually guessed each other's purpose—but the barrister had been suited the night before. The question began to occur to me—what can I do? Here was I, the father of a family, a grown member of an overstocked profession, and all I can really do to earn my family's subsistence is the copying of legal documents—an *art* that a boy of fourteen can perform as well as a man of forty. Yet, forsooth! my shabby gentility must be kept up—dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed. In the first impulse of the moment, I resolved to sell off all that I had, and emigrate to the Backwoods of Canada. And pray, said I to myself, as I cooled a little, what *can* you do in the Backwoods of Canada? You can neither handle the axe, nor the saw, nor the hammer; hardly know how to plant a cabbage—and can barely tell the difference between wheat and oats!

My father had been ailing, and was at last called away, and I, heretofore the great man of the family, could do nothing towards laying him in his quiet grave. A brother, by trade a blacksmith, one whom I had ridiculed for the awkward homeliness of his manners, and whom I have more than once avoided in the street, defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and, being unmarried, charged himself with the maintenance of my mother. Yes, the tables were turned. Yet even amid the bitterness of heart which every thing

was calculated to give me, I have seen me turn out on a solitary walk, and dreaming about a fortune being left me by some unlooked-for and mysterious means; and how, when I got it, I would astonish, dazzle, or at least command the respect of some who were looking coldly or contemptuously on me. And at this time another baby was born to me, and my awkward brother called, in his greasy jacket, and put a sovereign into its little hand—we had only a few coppers, not amounting to a sixpence, in the house, before we received the welcome gold coin.

My wife suggested that I should try something *out* of the law, if I could not get something to do *in* it. What can I do out of the law, I asked. "Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, with more vehemence than she was in the habit of using, "London is a *large* place!" Some farther conversation followed; we grew warm; she accused me of being a useless, incapable fellow, who, when one mode of subsistence failed, could not turn himself with facility to another. I retorted, that she was idle, and might do something herself towards the maintenance of the family, (what a cruel insult towards a woman with two young children and a baby, and she, too, whom I had taught never to do anything but attend to the children!)—high words followed, I stormed, she wept and upbraided, we mutually wished we had never been married, and at last, in a furious passion, I rushed out of the house.

I had parted with the silver chain, as well as some other ornaments previously, but the ring kept its place on my little finger. This I now took off, sold for a few shillings, and went and got drunk, like a mean-spirited hound, with the money. Staggering about the streets, and covered with mud from a fall, I was met by the kind barrister, who had not lost his interest in me, and who, but for the circumstance of his having an excellent clerk, would have taken me. He was accompanied by another barrister, who had just discharged his clerk for drunkenness and embezzlement, and the empty place had been reserved for me—it was a very good one. They both knew me, both spoke to me, and I answered them with a hiccuping bravado, which, as I learned next morning, under a head-ache and a heart-ache, lost me the situation.

The next night was one of the dreariest I ever spent in my life. I slipped out while my wife was asleep, and began to ramble about the streets to cool the fever of body and mind. "London is indeed a large place," thought I. There are hundreds in it, ay, thousands, who, if they knew my condition, would pour a sufficiency for the present distress into the lap of my family—yet a bold, bad, begging-letter impostor, by working on the feelings of the charitable, can sometimes gather pounds while I am destitute of pence. And there are hundreds of situations, requiring no greater ability than what I possess, which supply what I would term affluence to their possessors, while I am wandering about like a vagabond, no man offering me aught to do. But the previous night's adventure came back to my recollection, and I knew I was solacing myself with a lie. It was a bitter night of murmuring, repining, self-accusation, and reproach of the arrangements of Providence. I forgot how much of my present condition was owing to my own wilful misspending of the time of my youth, and the money acquired in a comfortable situation.

During that night's ramble, I saw two or three destitute creatures, men and boys, wandering the streets like myself, and a young lad, who was sitting huddled up on the steps of a door, told me his story, which, if it was not true, was told in a very truth-like way. It was a pitiable story of destitution, and made me ashamed of my want of spirit. There was a penny in my pocket, remaining from my previous night's debauch; I gave it to him with hearty good will, and returning home, found my wife up, and weeping at the alarming thought of my having abandoned her, but determined, as she said with great spirit, to "scrub her nails off" to earn a subsistence for herself and the children.

I now thought of trying for a situation in the Post Office. Accordingly, I set to work—got up a memorial, and had it signed by a number who knew me, and by a number who did not—and sent letters along with it to the Postmaster-General and the Secretary. My hopes rose high about the success of this scheme, for the letters were nicely written, nicely folded, and nicely sealed. I allowed at least ten days for an answer, and did not become impatient till the third week. Then I began to sit each morning at the window, watching the postman, and biting my nails as he passed. The oldness of the maxim has not abated one jot of its truth, that, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The third week passed, and the fourth, and no answer came. In the fifth week, unable to bear the agony of suspense, I sent a note, entreating an answer, and gently hinting that my application might have been overlooked

in the hurry of business. A few days afterwards I got an answer, and broke the official seal with a trembling hand and a beating heart. The inclosure was a note, intimating, in dry, but civil terms, that my application had been laid before the Postmaster-General, but that his list was so full as to prevent all possibility of any hope of employment being held out to me.

Next day I got, by what appeared almost a mere chance, the situation of clerk to a barrister, with a salary of 50*l.* a year. I had been offered the same sum, with a chance of picking up some fees, immediately after my former employer died, but I was too saucy at that time to take it. Now, however, the tone of my spirit was lowered a little. My new employer had scarcely any business, and but small chance of augmenting it—for though not lacking ability, he wanted the “turn”—the manner, or what you choose to call it, which helps a man along in the crowded walks of the law. But I had not been long with him, when he began to throw out hints about his prospects, and his connexions. He was very well connected, and was industriously grubbing about for the roots of an official appointment. He distinctly gave me to understand that he should provide for me as soon as he was provided for himself. I dare say he would have fulfilled his promise, if nothing had intervened. I was servicable to him; and though a considerable amount of pride still subsisted in my heart, I brought myself to act as a valet, as well as a clerk, to a man who I could not but see was proud, poor, mean, and ungenerous. After two years' service with him, he got an appointment in one of the colonies, and having one or two relations to provide for, I could not be considered in his “arrangements.” He had not the courage or the honesty to tell me the real cause, but said that my family was the obstacle in the way.

I now longed for an opportunity to “cut” the law, and would have given all I ever had in the world to any man who would have endowed me with a faculty of earning my family's subsistence different from that of copying a legal document, and making a flourish at the bottom of the page. A little shop was to be let in my neighbourhood—a kind of compound shop, in which the goods sold came under the class of huckster and green-grocer. I knew nothing about buying and selling; but better late than never, thought I, and I resolved to make the experiment. The price of fixtures and good-will was only thirty pounds, but where was I to get thirty pounds? My worthy blacksmith brother came to my aid. He lent me a few pounds he had saved, and he borrowed a few more; my old friend the barrister, who had long before become reconciled to me, and who had learned that I was not an habitual drunkard, presented me with ten pounds; and one way or another I raised the thirty pounds, though with a desperate struggle. So I entered on the possession of my little shop; and it required a good laughing face to hide the scantiness of the stock, and the awkwardness of my motions. My wife, indeed, has served me excellently well; only for her handy cleverness the shop would have been shut up long ago. We are doing pretty well in it, not making a fortune, but eking out a livelihood. Meantime I have got another situation with a Chancery barrister, in which I do not get more than about 18*s.* a week, but where the work is light, and I do not require to go out of town. My wife attends to the shop during the day, and at night too: but if the custom of the shop should increase, so as to enable us to maintain our family by it, I will “cut” the law altogether; and acting on my father's maxim, bring up my children to “honest” trades, instead of learning them a shabby gentility, which may make them more helpless in a great city than a Spitalfields ora Paisley weaver.

#### FORETHOUGHT AND INDEPENDENCE.

IN connexion with industry, children should be taught to take care of property. They should find that labour is the source of property, and that property, carefully preserved and diligently improved, rapidly accumulates. This may be done in such a way as not to excite a mercenary spirit, but to stimulate a spirit of honest independence. Let them see that comfort and respectability are the result of honest industry and perseverance; accustom them to raise their standard of the comforts and decencies of life higher than that of the filthy half-furnished hovels in which, perhaps, some of them have passed their infancy; show them the neat, clean, and well-built cottage which is occupied by some industrious couple, who have only their own labour and its results on which to depend; tell them how their prosperity began—perhaps in some childish act of industry and frugality,—the produce turned round and round, each time upon a larger scale, until they were able to maintain themselves, and have gradually risen to the state of comfort and sufficiency which they now enjoy.

## JOHN LAW OF LAURISTON, AND THE MISSISSIPPI SYSTEM.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

IN pursuance of the plan devised by Mr. Law, and noticed in a former paper, a commercial company was erected in August, 1717, by letters patent, under the name of the Company of the West. The whole province of Louisiana was granted to them; and this country being watered throughout its whole extent by the great river Mississippi, the subsequent operations of the company came to be known under the general title of THE MISSISSIPPI SYSTEM. This company was divided into 200,000 actions, or shares, of 500 livres each, to be paid in *billets d'état*. These were in such discredit, from the bad payment of interest, that 500 livres nominal value were not worth more than 150 or 160 in the market. The company took them at their full value, and became creditors of the King to the amount of 100 millions of livres, the interest of which was fixed at four per cent.

Of this Company of the West, Mr. Law (who had now advanced so high in the Regent's favour, that the whole ministerial power was reckoned to be divided among him, the Abbé Du Bois, minister for foreign affairs, and M. d'Argenson, keeper of the seals,) was named director-general. The actions were eagerly sought after; Louisiana having been represented as a region abounding in gold and silver, of a fertile soil, capable of every sort of cultivation. Such was the rage for speculation, that the unimproved parts of that country were sold for 30,000 livres the square league, at which rate many purchased to the extent of 600,000 livres; vigorous preparations were made for fitting out vessels, to transport thither labourers and workmen of every kind; and the demand for *billets d'état*, in order to purchase shares, occasioned the former to rise to their full nominal value.

The farm of tobacco, the charter and effects of the Senegal Company, and the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, together with the possessions and effects belonging to the China and India Companies, were made over to the new company, on condition of paying the lawful debts of these companies, now dissolved. The Company of the West assumed on this occasion the title of the Company of the Indies. Fifty thousand new shares were ordered to be constituted, rated at 550 livres each, payable in coin, to be employed partly in satisfying the creditors of the old companies, and partly in building vessels and in other preparations for carrying on the trade. The price of actions quickly rose to one thousand livres; the hopes of the public being raised by the favourable prospects of possessing a very lucrative branch of commerce.

On the 25th July, 1719, the Mint was made over to the Company of the Indies, for a consideration of fifty millions of livres, to be paid to the King within fifteen months; and fifty thousand new shares, rated at one thousand livres each, were directed to be issued, in order to raise that sum. On the 27th August following, the Regent took the great farms out of the hands of the farmers-general, and made over the lease to the Company of the Indies, on their agreeing to pay 3,500,000 livres additional rent for them; thus relieving the people from the exactions of that powerful body, under whose management the taxes became quite intolerable,—not so much from their own weight as the oppressive mode of levying them. On the 31st of the same month, the Company obtained the general receipt of other branches of the King's revenue. When they had acquired all these grants, and had thus concentrated in themselves the whole foreign trade and possessions of France, and the collection and management of all the royal revenues of that kingdom, they promised an annual dividend of two hundred livres on every share; the consequence of which was, that the price of actions instantly rose in the market to five thousand livres; the public ran upon the last creation of fifty thousand with such eagerness, that nearly double the requisite sum was subscribed for, and the greatest interest was exerted, and every stratagem put in practice, to secure places in that subscription.

The Company now came under an obligation to lend the King, in order that he might pay off his creditors, the sum of 1500 millions of livres, at the rate of three per cent. per annum; and to this rate the interest of the 100 millions formerly lent to his Majesty (in *billets d'état*) was also reduced: the King, consequently, had to pay them in all forty-eight millions a year. To raise this sum of 1500 millions, there were, in the months of September and October, 1719, 300,000 new actions created; the subscriptions for which were fixed at five thousand livres each. The actions were thus brought to the full number of 600,000 (but



24,000 more were fabricated on the 4th of October, 1719, by the private orders of the Regent, but afterwards suppressed; and, to answer the dividends upon these, the Company had, according to some, the following annual revenue, viz.

Interest paid by the King to the Company,	48,000,000
Profits upon the Great Farms	15,000,000
Ditto upon the Mint	4,000,000
Ditto upon the farm of Tobacco	2,000,000
Ditto upon the general receipt of Taxes	1,500,000
Ditto upon their Trade	10,000,000

—making a total of 80,500,000 livres, open to be improved by the extension of their commerce abroad, and by a good administration at home. Other writers on the subject, however, computed the annual revenue of this great Company at not less than 131 millions, viz. 48 millions from the King,

39 millions profits upon the Farms, the Mint, and the receipt of Taxes; and

44 millions profits upon their Trade :

in which case they could well afford a dividend of even more than two hundred livres on every share.

The cupidity which these prospects of immense profit in some measure, but principally the prodigious fortunes acquired by the original proprietors, excited among all ranks, was such as no nation had ever witnessed. A universal infatuation for the acquisition of shares in the India Company now seemed to occupy the whole kingdom, from the lowest of the people up to magistrates, prelates, and princes. This infatuation, of which at the present day we can scarcely form a conception, increased in proportion to the difficulty of succeeding in that view; for the whole 300,000 actions of the last fabrication being, by a particular agreement, kept up, in order to be sold to the Regent (who had also got possession of 100,000 of those formerly issued), no more than 200,000 remained in the hands of the public; and only a part thereof, quite inadequate to the demand, was now brought to market. The frenzy prevailed so far, that the whole nation, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, nay even ladies, who had or could procure money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other with such avidity that, in November 1719, the price of shares rose, after some fluctuations, to above ten thousand livres each; more than sixty times the sum they originally sold for, when the discredit of the *billets d'état* is taken into the account.

M. de la Mothe and the Abbé Terrasson, two of the ablest scholars in France, conversing together on the madness of the Mississippi adventurers, congratulated themselves on their superiority over all weaknesses of that nature, and indulged themselves in ridiculing the folly of the votaries of the fickle goddess. But it so happened that they met, not long afterwards, face to face in the rue Quinquempoix\*: at first, they endeavoured to avoid each other, but, finding that impracticable, put the best look possible on the matter, rallied each other, and separated in order to make the most advantageous bargains they could. The courtiers, according to their usual custom of following implicitly the royal example, engaged so deeply in this business, that it was said only five persons of that description (the Maréchaux de Villeroi and de Villars, the Ducs de St. Simon and de la Rochefoucault, and the Chancellor) had kept free from the contagion. The Maréchal Duc de Richelieu relates that those who did not embark in the Mississippi scheme were looked upon as no better than cowards or fools.

In consequence of a murder which took place in the rue Quinquempoix, the stock-market was first transferred to the Place Vendôme, and business was carried on in tents pitched in the area to the gardens of the Hotel Soissons; where and afterwards business was transacted in tents pitched among the trees, which tents the brokers were obliged to make use of.

The situation of France in November 1719 is thus described by a contemporary writer:—"The bank-notes were just so much real value which credit and confidence had created in favour of the state. Upon their appearance, Plenty immediately displayed herself through all the towns and all the country; she relieved our citizens and labourers from the oppression of debts which indigence had obliged them to contract; she enabled the King to liberate himself from great part of his debts, and to make over to his subjects more than fifty-two millions of livres of taxes, which had been imposed in the years preceding 1719; and more than

thirty-five millions of other duties extinguished during the regency. This plenty sunk the rate of interest; crushed the usurer; carried the value of lands up to eighty or one hundred years' purchase; raised up stately edifices, both in town and country; repaired the old houses which were falling to ruin; improved the soil; gave an additional relish to every fruit produced by the earth. Plenty recalled those citizens whom misery had forced to seek their livelihood abroad. In a word, riches flowed in from every quarter: gold, silver, precious stones, ornaments of every kind which contribute to luxury and magnificence, came to us from every country in Europe. Whether these prodigies or marvellous effects were produced by art, by confidence, by fear, or by whim, they produced all these realities which the ancient administration never could have produced. Thus far the system has produced nothing but good: everything was commendable and worthy of admiration."

Mr. Law was perfectly idolised by the people, who looked upon him in no way inferior to the King and Regent; the mob being accustomed to cry out, whenever he appeared in public, "Long live Mr. Law!" He made a public profession (with his son and daughter) of his conversion to the catholic faith; and, every obstacle being now removed, he was, on the 5th January, 1720, declared comptroller-general of the finances of France.

Thus the admiring world beheld an obscure foreigner, by the mere force of extraordinary genius and abilities, rise, in the course of a few months, from a private condition to the high station of prime minister to the politest nation of Europe, which he governed for some time with almost absolute power. It must be mentioned to his honour, that he voluntarily gave up the whole perquisites, as well as the salary annexed to his office; and he was so little addicted to luxury and extravagance as to take care that the most regular order and strictest propriety should be observed in the management of his household; while at the same time his dress was remarkable for its plainness and simplicity.

The credit of the Bank was now at its acmé, but fears began to be entertained by those behind the scenes. A constant drain of specie from the bank was going on, caused chiefly by hoarding and remittances abroad, and the immense quantities of plate manufactured for the rich Mississippians. Several edicts were in consequence issued, limiting the payment in specie; and at length a decree was issued, on the 27th February, 1720, prohibiting individuals from having in their possession more than five hundred livres in specie. The Royal Bank and the Company were incorporated together, and the issue of notes was pushed to an enormous extent, for the payment of the public creditors. On the 1st of May, 1720, notes to the amount of 2000 millions of livres were in circulation, whilst the whole specie in the kingdom, at the equitable rate of sixty-five livres to the marc, was estimated at only one half that amount. It was now debated in council whether it were not necessary to equalise the value of the notes and the specie; a proposal which was strongly opposed by Law, who urged the absolute necessity of suffering matters to remain as they were. Although he well knew that the issues had been excessive, and far beyond what a healthy state of circulation required, he knew that the credit of the Bank and Company was well founded, and that any interference would ruin every thing. His advice was disregarded. An arbitrary and dishonest edict was issued, after a long discussion upon the question whether the shares should be depreciated or the nominal value of the coin raised. The shares of the Company were reduced from 8000 livres to 5000 livres, by gradations of 500 livres a month; and the bank-notes, by like gradations, were reduced one half.

It is needless to say what was the effect of this measure, which was a barefaced robbery of the people, and was particularly iniquitous. Popular commotions ensued, which were with difficulty quieted. The Bank stopped payment, under pretence of examining into certain alleged frauds. Various efforts were made to restore public confidence, but in vain. At length the affairs of the Bank and Company were arranged, but in such a manner as to cause the ruin of thousands, and to relieve the King from about forty millions of livres, which were justly due to public creditors.

Such was the end of the Mississippi system, which was a great attempt, originated by a powerful mind, to establish a sound paper currency in France; and which, but for the arbitrary interference of a despotic government, would have made Law, its author, to be regarded as a benefactor, instead of being cursed as a destroyer.

The great farms, Mint, and Royal Revenues were taken out of

\* A little dirty street where the stock-jobbing was carried on.

\* Reflexions Politiques sur la Finance et le Commerce; par M. du Tot. tom. ii. 330.

the hands of the Company, who were thus reduced to a mere trading body, and continued to flourish for a long time.

The people being extremely irritated against Law, attributing to him all the evils they suffered, he obtained permission from the Regent to quit France, and left the kingdom on the 14th or 15th of December, 1720, accompanied by his son. Lady Catherine Law remained in Paris, under the protection of the Duke de Vendôme, until she had discharged all her husband's debts. After travelling through Italy he went to England, where he was very well received. For some time he entertained hopes of recovering part of the property which he possessed in France, both in land and in shares of the India Company; but the whole was confiscated, and he never recovered any part of it. The Regent entertained an idea at one time of recalling Law; but at his death this scheme was no longer thought of, and the pension which Law had hitherto received from the French government was no longer paid. He was thus thrown into such difficulties that he determined to leave England, which he accordingly did in 1725, and fixed his residence at Venice; where he died, in a state but little removed from indigence, on the 21st May, 1729, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and he lies buried in one of the churches in that city, where a monument to his memory is yet to be seen.

Mr. Law married Lady Catherine Knollys, third daughter of Nicholas Earl of Banbury, who died in 1747; by whom he had a son, John Law, a cornet of the regiment of Nassau Friesland, who died of the small-pox at Maestricht, February 1734, aged about thirty-one, and unmarried; and a daughter, Mary Catherine Law, who married, 4th July, 1734, her first cousin, William Viscount Wallingford, major in the first troop of Horse Guards, eldest son of Charles fourth Earl of Banbury. She died a widow, at her house in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, 14th October, 1790.

#### THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, scientific men were perplexed and startled by the occasional ideas which resulted from a consideration of the phenomena presented in the crust of the earth. Now and again a powerful mind would obtain a glimpse of some of the truths which geology teaches: but all was darkness and confusion, for the sciences of chemistry and astronomy were only in progress of formation, and until they were shaped and established, the science of geology could make little progress. It was, however, generally believed, that the fossil shells and other organic remains found everywhere, even on the tops of mountains, were proofs of the general prevalence of the deluge; it was said that the interior of the earth was a vast abyss of water; that the "breaking up of the fountains of the great deep" was a disruption of the crust which enclosed this abyss; and that, when the waters abated, they retired into this abyss once more. "Whiston, who was better versed in physical science than any of his contemporaries, introduced, in addition, the notion of extraneous force; he brought a comet to envelop the earth in its misty tail, to cause violent rains, to raise vast tides in the internal abyss, and thus effectually destroy the external crust of the planet." Sober-minded Christians, who considered that the Bible taught that the earth was only about six thousand years old, were offended by theories or opinions which were thrown out from time to time impugning their belief; and, in the language of Cowper, they indignantly asked,

"If HE who made it, and revealed its date  
To Moses, were mistaken in its age?"

But, towards the end of last century, light began to illuminate the darkness: Smith, in England, established the fundamental truth of geology, that there were distinct periods in the formation of the crust of the earth, each period being marked by its peculiar organic remains; and Cuvier, in France, may be said to have breathed life into the dry bones, clothed them with flesh and muscle, and showed us wonderful creatures of all kinds, who swam, and flew, and walked, in ages long prior to the existence of man. Geology at once rose into the rank of a science, worthy of the ardent devotion of minds of the first order.

What object, it was asked, is apparent in this existence of the earth, with its animals and vegetables, so long prior to the existence of man, the lord of creation? If no object had been apparent, it would not invalidate the fact. But the question has been beautifully and eloquently answered. The crust of the earth has been long in preparation for the existence of man; the tremendous convulsions it has undergone have all a visible reason; they gave to the earth its mountains and valleys, and rendered its rich treasures

accessible; forests engulfed in ages long gone by have been converted into coal for the comfort and advantage of men; and in the rich deposits which England has of this and other minerals, we may infer the superintendence of a MIND which prepared not merely the earth for the human race, but a small portion of that earth for the habitation of a small portion of the race, who were intended to play an important part in the civilisation of their fellow-men. Geology, as well as astronomy, supplies us with striking and astonishing proofs of His existence, who "throned in His own unfathomable essence, fills all space and all time, and without beginning and without end, unites in His wondrous Being the extremes of eternity."

All who believe in the Bible as a Divine revelation, believe that the narrative of the creation in the first chapter of Genesis, was written under the direction of the same MIND that thus watched over the early history of the world; and poor, indeed, would be the spirit of the man who, even in the very act of denying the account to be a revelation, did not, at least, admit the beautiful brevity and simplicity of this most ancient narrative. "The geology of Moses has come down to us out of a period of remote antiquity before the light of human science arose: for, to suppose that it was borrowed from or possessed by any other people than the remarkable race to which Moses himself belonged, involves us on all hands in the most inextricable difficulties and palpable absurdities. Of that race it has been long since justly remarked, that while in religion they were men, in human learning and science they were children; and if we find in their records any system of an extensive and difficult science, we know that they did not obtain it by the regular processes of observation and induction, which, in the hands of European philosophers, have led to a high degree of perfection in many sciences. . . . It is very possible that Moses had no geological knowledge beyond the order of time in the creation which his history exhibits. It is very probable that fossil and entombed organized remains and fragmentary rocks, and indeed most of the facts which geology has developed, were unknown to him; and that, as he told a story for mankind at large, he told it in the same spirit and with the same understanding with which it has been commonly received."

But how are we to reconcile what we know of geology with the narrative of the creation, as delivered to us by Moses? Geology leads us to conjecture that *perhaps* the original state of the materials of our globe was that of gaseous expansion—a nebulous body, similar, probably, to the nebulae observed in the heavens. "Of the original state of the materials of our planet, as first formed by the Creator, we know nothing. It is, however, in the highest degree improbable, that the innumerable crystals of so many different substances and forms, which we find in the earth, were originally created as we now see them. Crystallisation, by natural laws, is constantly going on around us, and we can, at pleasure, form crystals of many substances; in some cases, we produce those that never have been discovered in nature, and in others we can surpass them in size and beauty. Although, as already remarked, it is possible that crystals might have been the first forms of mineral matter, it is in the highest degree improbable; it is far more reasonable and philosophical to admit, that wherever we find a crystal in the earth, it has been formed by the laws of crystallisation operating upon the crude materials; and there is no reason to doubt that we could always imitate natural crystals, provided we could command the powers and circumstances which operated in the original crystallisation of mineral bodies. In all the geological epochs, after the primitive, there is decisive evidence of the great mechanical changes\* operating first on the primitive rocks, to produce the materials for the derivative rocks, which often exhibit unquestionable proofs of mechanical destruction and mechanical formation; in a word, of changes from the pristine state of the materials in the primitive rocks, greater than crystallisation implies in relation to the constituent or integrant particles, which we may presume to have been originally created.

"As to the proximate causes of crystallisation among minerals, it can be referred only to two agents, heat and solution. The only powers with which we are acquainted, that are at all equal to the effect, are water and fire, aided by various acid, alkaline, saline, and other energetic and chemical agents, which, in large quantities, we now find actually entering into the constitution of the rocks, and which were, therefore, originally provided in the grand storehouse of created materials.

"The solution theory, once almost universally prevalent, has

\* Among the primitive rocks, mechanical force is exhibited in fractures, elevations, &c."

now given way to the igneous, which, not stopping with actual or extinct volcanoes, or with trap, porphyry, or pitchstone, has taken possession of the granite mountains, and of the very centre of the earth. It undoubtedly explains with great felicity the appearances of granite veins, and of many other phenomena, although neither the igneous nor any other theory has explained every feature of the planet.

"It is allowed by nearly all geologists, that the ocean has for a long time occupied all countries. It is now evident, also, that ignition and fusion have always existed in the earth on a great scale, and this is admitted by all, whether they believe in the fusion of the central nucleus or not. Internal fire still prevails to a great extent in the interior of our planet, and its effects appear to have been the greatest, and the most extensive, in the earliest periods. Volcanic mountains and islands are known to have risen, even in modern times, from the bosom of the ocean, and islands are still existing, where in former ages the sea raged uncontrolled. The sub-marine volcanoes also occasionally project flames, smoke, and red-hot stones, through the ocean, and thus inform us, that water cannot always subdue fire; that even now, there are strata at the bottom of the sea, where extreme ignition and extreme hydrostatic pressure operate conjointly upon the firm materials; and that both, aided by the principal chemical agents which we know to exist in the constitution of our globe, may unite to produce results of which our trifling experiments can give us but a feeble conception. An attempt, for instance, to dissolve granite by boiling it in water, is just as rational as an attempt to melt it in a common fire; neither experiment can possibly succeed; but the former would not prove that granite was never dissolved, nor the latter, that granite was never melted; because, the circumstances which may have operated in the interior of the earth are not under our control, and our experiments are, therefore, nugatory.

"The earliest condition of the surface of the planet appears to have been that of a dark abyss of waters, of unknown depth and continuance, which repressed the deep-seated forces of internal fires.

"The structure of the crust of the planet affords decisive evidence of a long series of events, in relation both to the formation of rocks, and to the creation and succession of organized bodies, of which many of them contain such astonishing quantities.

"Time and order of time, event, succession, and revolution, are plainly recorded in the earth; and sacred history expressly states that the events involved both time and order of time.

"Geology cannot decide on the amount of time, but it assures us that there was enough to cover all the events connected with the formation of the mineral masses, and with the succession of the generations of living beings, whose remains are found preserved in the strata."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The question then recurs—How can the amount of time be found, consistently with the Mosaic history? for the order of time is the same. The solution of this difficulty has been attempted in the following modes:

"1. *The present earth was formed from the ruins and fragments of an earlier world, rearranged and set in order during the six days of the creation.*

"This explanation has been given by men of powerful minds, strongly impressed with the overwhelming evidence which the earth presents of innumerable events, and of progressive development through successive ages. It therefore honestly meets the difficulty, and fully grants the necessity of allowing sufficient time for the series of geological formations. It is, however, unsatisfactory; because it does not provide at all for the regular succession of entombed animal and vegetable races, and for the progressive consolidation, often in long-continued tranquillity, of the strata which are formed around the organic bodies, and also for the numerous alternations and repetitions of these strata, frequently, as in the coal-fields, in a regular order. All this demands time, and seasons of protracted repose, interrupted indeed by occasional elevations, subsidences, and other convulsions and catastrophes. In order that the solution above stated may prove satisfactory, it is necessary that the earth should be, what it actually is not, a confused pile of ruins, not only of loose fragments, such as are now found on its surface, but they must be consolidated, to form all its mountains and strata. Ruins, the mountains and strata do, indeed, in many places, contain, but they form only a portion of a vast structure, in which ruins have no part.

"The earth is unlike Memphis, Thebes, Persepolis, Babylon, Balbec or Palmyra, which present merely confused and mutilated

masses of colossal and beautiful architecture, answering no purpose, except to gratify curiosity, and to awaken a sublime and pathetic moral feeling;—it is, rather, like modern Rome, replete indeed with the ruins of the ancient city, in part re-arranged for purposes of utility and ornament, but also covered by the regular and perfect constructions of subsequent centuries.

"This theory, if it provide at all for the primitive rocks, must assign their crystallization and consolidation to a period of indefinite geological antiquity, and it must also admit that they have undergone more recent modifications, particularly in being upheaved by subterranean force, and thus elevating, not only themselves, but the superincumbent strata.

"The hypothesis has, however, great merit, inasmuch as it admits, in the long-gone-by ages, of just such events and successions as geology has proved to have taken place; but it adds a general catastrophe, which has not happened, and it implies a reconstruction of the crust of the planet, entirely out of its own ruins, a supposition which is inconsistent with the state of facts.

"2. *The present crust of the planet has been regularly formed between the first creation 'in the beginning,'\* and the commencement of the first day.*

"It appears to be admitted by critics, that the period alluded to in the first verse of Genesis, 'in the beginning,' is not necessarily connected with the first day. It may, therefore, be regarded as standing by itself, and as it is not limited, it admits of any extension backward in time which the facts may require.

"By asserting that there was a beginning, it is declared that the world is not eternal, and the declaration that God made the heavens and the earth, is a bar, equally, against atheism and materialism. The world was, therefore, made *in time* by the omnipotent Creator.

"The creation of the planet, was, no doubt, instantaneous, as regards the materials; but the arrangement, at least of the crust, was gradual. As a subject either of moral or physical contemplation, we can say nothing better, than that it was the good pleasure of God that this world should be called into existence; but, it was also his pleasure, that the arrangement, by which it was to become a fit habitation for man, should be progressive.

"This is in strict analogy with the regular course of things in the physical, moral, and intellectual world. Everything except God has a beginning, and everything else is progressive. The human mind, the bodily powers, the inception and growth of the animal and vegetable races, the seasons, seed-time, and harvest, science and arts, wealth, civilization, national power, and character, and a thousand things more, evince that progression is stamped upon everything, and that nothing reaches its perfection by a single leap.

"The gradual preparation of this planet for its ultimate destination, presents, therefore, no anomaly, and need not excite our surprise.

"It is of no importance to us, whether our home was in a course of preparation, during days or ages, for the moral dispensations of God to man could not begin until his creation.

"The abyss of waters, which existed at an early unknown period before the time of the final arrangement of the surface, which preceded the creation of man, and continued, we may suppose, for an unlimited time, is just such a state of things, in coincidence with the operation of internal fire, as is demanded for the formation of the central rocks, and for their elevation, as far as facts may justify us in supposing that it took place so early.

"The supposition now before us is equally consistent with both the igneous and aqueous theory of the earth; and, indeed, it would be impossible to account for the appearance of things, without the conjoined agency of internal fire, and of an incumbent ocean; the latter repressing the expansive and explosive power of the former, causing its heat greatly to accumulate, even to the fusion of the most refractory materials; preventing the escape of gaseous matter, as, for instance, of carbonic acid gas from the limestones, and by its pressure and slow cooling, from the small conducting power of water, preventing melted rocks from assuming the appearance of volcanic cinders, slags, scorize, and other inflated masses.

"The incumbent ocean is, therefore, indispensable to the correct deductions of the theoretical geologist, even if he believe in the igneous origin of the primitive rocks; still more, if he attribute these rocks to dissolving agencies.

"With these views, then, the historical record happily agrees, and geology has no quarrel with the sacred history.

\* "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands." Ps. cii. 25. "And thou, Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundation of the earth." Heb. i. 10."



"During the period when this dark abyss of waters prevailed, the earth was without form, and void; or better, as Hebricians say — 'the earth was invisible and unfurnished;' we may presume that then the early operations of geological formation and arrangement began, by producing the fundamental rocks, and thus providing materials for all the derivative strata, which, in the course of their consolidation, were destined to embosom such an endless diversity of extraneous contents.

"This theory, then, is satisfactory as far as it goes: like the one previously discussed, it fairly recognises and encounters the real difficulty in the case, and it would be quite sufficient to reconcile geology and the Mosaic history, as usually understood, did not the latter assign particular events to each of the successive periods called days; the most important of these events are, the first emergence of the mountains, and the creation of organized and living beings. It seems necessary, therefore, to embrace the days in the series of geological periods; and the difficulties of our subject will not be removed, unless we can show that there is time enough included in those periods called days, to cover the organic creation, and the formation of the rocks, in which the remains of these bodies are contained.

"3. *The days of the creation were periods of time of indefinite length.*"

The illustration of this view will require a separate article.

#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANNE BARNARD, who died in 1825, sister to the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife to Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of *Auld Robin Gray*. A quarto tract, edited by the Ariosto of the North, "and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne club," contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July, 1823; part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond: —, who died before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did: I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me:—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea,—and broken her father's arm,—made her mother fall sick,—and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! help me to one!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and among our neighbours, *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with; but such was my *dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. Meantime, little as this matter seems worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. *Auld Robin Gray* was either a very ancient ballad composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter and no curiosity at all! I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerminham, secretary of the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of 'the ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my windows. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in obscurity."—From *Specimens of British Poetesses*, by A. Dyer.

#### WOMAN.

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,  
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight;  
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,  
And paint their very demons white:  
There, while the sterner sex disdains  
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,  
Woman will strive to heal his pains,  
And weep for those she cannot heal!  
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;  
From all her stores she bears a part,  
And bids the spring of hope reflow  
That languished in the fainting heart.  
"What, though so pale his haggard face,  
So sunk and sad his looks," she cries:  
"And far unlike our nobler race,  
With crisped locks and rolling eyes?  
Yet misery marks him of our kind;  
We see him lost, alone, afraid;  
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,  
Pronounce him MAN, and ask our aid.  
Perhaps, in some far distant shore  
There are who in these forms delight;  
Whose milky features please them more,  
Than ours of jet, thus burnished bright.  
Of such may be his weeping wife,  
Such children for their sire may call;  
And if we spare his ebbing life,  
Our kindness may preserve them all!"  
Thus her compassion woman shows;  
Beneath the Line her acts are these:  
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows  
Can her warm flow of pity freeze.  
"From some far land the stranger comes,  
Where joys like ours are never found;  
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,  
Where freedom sits with plenty crowned.  
'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,  
To see the famished stranger fed,  
To milk for him the mother deer,  
To smooth for him the furry bed.  
The Powers above our Lapland bless  
With good no other people know;  
To enlarge the joys that we possess,  
By feeling those that we bestow!"  
Thus in extremes of cold and heat,  
Where wandering man may trace his kind,  
Wherever want and grief retreat,  
In WOMAN they compassion find;  
She makes the female breast her seat,  
And dictates mercy to the mind.  
Man may the sterner virtues know,  
Determined justice, truth severe:  
But female hearts with pity glow,  
And woman holds affliction dear.  
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,  
And suffering vice compels her tear;  
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,  
And bid life's fairer views appear.  
To woman's gentle kind we owe  
What comforts and delights us here;  
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,  
Our care they soothe, our age they cheer.

CRANBE.

## ALCHYMY.

The first authentic event in the history of Alchymy is the persecution by Dioclesian, A.D. 290, who caused a diligent inquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and without pity committed them to the flames.—*Gibbon*.

## CHARITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

There is some reason to believe that great numbers of infants, who, according to the inhuman practice of the times, had been exposed by their parents, were frequently rescued from death, baptised, educated, and maintained, by the piety of the Christians, and at the expense of the public treasure.—*Gibbon*.

## CUSTOM IN THE KINGDOM OF COMANIA.

In the country of the Comains, when a great and powerful prince died, on his decease an immense grave was made, and the dead person most richly adorned, was seated in a magnificent chair within the grave, and the finest horse he had possessed, together with one of his officers, were let down alive into the grave. The officer, before he descended, took leave of the king and the other great personages present, when the king gave to him a large quantity of gold and silver coin, which he placed in a scarf round his neck, the king making him promise that on his arrival in the other world he would restore to him the money, which he faithfully engaged to do. After this, the king gave to him a letter addressed to the first of their monarchs, in which he told him that the bearer of it had well and faithfully served him, and on that account entreated he would properly reward him. When this was done, the grave was filled up over the corpse, the living officer, and the horse, and covered with planks well nailed together. Before night, there was a considerable mound of stones piled over the grave in memory of those whom they had interred.—*Joinville*.

## BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture appears so early as A.D. 359 to have been in a very flourishing state in Britain, as Julian built 600 vessels capable of containing together 120,000 quarters, which made several voyages exporting corn from Britain to relieve the famine in Gaul and Germany.—*Gibbon*.

## THE PRETENDER.

This title was first given to her brother by queen Anne, after the expedition under Forbin in February 1709, which was frustrated by Byng. She had seemed not unwilling to countenance any attempt for his succession, but took fright at an attempt during her life.—*Burnet*.

## ANECDOTE OF ELWES.

"I asked Fox if he remembered the miser Elwes in the House of Commons? 'Perfectly; and that question reminds me of a curious incident which one day befell that strange being. In my younger days we often went to the House in full dress, on nights, for example, when we were any of us going to the opera. Bankes, on an occasion of this kind, was seated next Elwes, who was leaning his head forward just at the moment when Bankes rose hastily to leave his seat, and the hilt of his sword happening to come in contact with the miser's wig, which he had probably picked off some scare-crow, it was unconsciously borne away by Bankes, who walked in his stately way down the House, followed by Elwes full of anxiety to regain his treasure. The House was in a roar of merriment, and for a moment Bankes looked about him wondering exceedingly what had happened. The explanation was truly amusing, when he became conscious of the sword-hilt which he had acquired.'"—*Wilberforce's Journal*.

## A FRENCH CANADIAN.

The little hamlet opposite to Detroit is called Richmond. I was sitting there to-day on the grassy bank above the river, resting in the shade of a tree when an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee store-keeper to a French Canadian! It was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich, and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled, and poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enchanté! honneur! and madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries, lovely as those of Shenstone—

"Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,  
And must be bought, though penny betide!"

For his cart-load of cherries my old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings.—*Mrs. Jameson*.

## VALUE OF PROVISIONS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY I.

In Henry I.'s reign (1100-35) wheat to make bread for one hundred men one day, was valued at one shilling; one sheep at four-pence; one hide (twenty acres) of land was taxed at one shilling a year, and there being 244,400 hides south of the Humber, this tax amounted to 12,220*l*.—*Chronology*.

## DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love which is here a care,  
That wit and will doth mar,  
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;  
A shrill tempestuous wind,  
Which doth disturb the mind,  
And like wild waves all our designs commove;  
Among those powers above,  
Which see their Maker's face,  
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,  
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,  
Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.

*Drummond of Hawthornden*

## DISSIMULATION.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our own snare.—*Blair*.

## SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the owner of the beautiful domain of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, who died May 19, 1838, aged eighty, was the author of many valuable historical and topographical works, and more especially of the history of his native county, presenting so numerous and such splendid funeral and other monuments of the primitive inhabitants of Great Britain, which he investigated with a perseverance and success unrivalled by any other antiquary. The early possession of an ample fortune, and of all the luxuries of his noble residence, seem to have stimulated rather than checked, the more ardent pursuit of those favourite studies which occupied his almost exclusive attention for more than fifty years of his life; and he was at all times, both by his co-operation and patronage, ready to aid other labourers in the same field which he had himself cultivated with so much success and industry.

Sir Richard Hoare was a very voluminous original author, and on a great variety of subjects. He printed a catalogue of his unique collection of books relating to the history and topography of Italy, the whole of which he presented to the British Museum, to which he was, on other occasions, a liberal benefactor. He likewise published editions of many of our ancient chronicles; and it is only to be lamented that one who has contributed under so many forms to our knowledge of antiquity, and who presents so many claims to the grateful commemoration of the friends of literature and the arts, should have been influenced so much, and so frequently, by the very unhappy ambition of which some well-known and distinguished literary bodies of our own time have set so unworthy an example, of giving an artificial value to their publications, by the extreme smallness of the number of copies which they allow to be printed or circulated; thus defeating the very objects of that great invention whose triumphs were pretended to be the very groundwork of their association.—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex*.

## GENIUS.

Genius is a sort of oracle which stands between us and many of the mysteries of nature, and forms the communicating link. He who attempts to mimic it becomes odious and absurd by his presumptuous affectation.—*Sir Egerton Brydges's Recollections*.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination may have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.—*Cotteridge, Table Talk*.

## GUESSING.

Guessing used to be considered exclusively a Yankee privilege, but it seems the Long Islanders consider themselves privileged to guess also. A tavern-keeper on that island advertises a fat hog, to be guessed for at one dollar a guess—the person guessing nearest the weight of the animal to be entitled to it.—*New York Paper*.

## GOOD NATURE.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash.—*Novum Organum*.

## THE INFINITE.

The Infinite we cannot understand, and therefore we have no clear idea of a universe—of a God! The attempt to supply this defect by earthly images and allegories sinks us only into superstition. Worship the Infinite! and though thou canst not see him, yet His working is everywhere!—*Knebel*.

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